THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. 59. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom St. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1879. $2.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 11.

THE FLOWERS.

BY G. S.

"I burn my soul away;"
So spoke the rose, and smiled within her cup.
"All day the sunbeams fall in flame; all day
They drink my sweetness up."

"I sigh my soul away,"
The lily said. "All night the moonbeams pale
Steal round and round me, whisp'ring in their play,
An all too tender tale."

"I give my soul away,"
The violet said. "The west wind wanders on;
The north wind comes. I know not what they say—
And yet my soul is gone."

"O poet, burn away
Thy fervent soul; fond lover, at the feet
Of her thou lovest, sigh 'Dear love,' and pray,
And let the world be sweet!"

THE DOCTOR'S SECRET;

—OR,—

Richard Westwood's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "IVY'S PROBATION," ETC.

[Dr. Westwood, of Combe-Priors, a middle-aged bachelor, has a younger brother Richard, a lieutenant in the English navy, at present on service. The Doctor receives word from him that he has married a girl named Armine abroad, and that he has sent her home, as his vessel is ordered to the scene of the Crimean War. The Doctor meets the bride on the arrival of the ship conveying her at Liverpool, but is privately informed by the officers that Richard has died of wounds received in action the very day before they sailed. This knowledge had been kept from the wife, who goes home with her brother in law in the belief that her husband is still alive and well. The arrival of Armine at the Doctor's home brightens it up wonderfully, and even Hephzibah, his old housekeeper, takes kindly to her. For some time he keeps Richard's death a secret from Armine, but finally she sees it while reading the paper. Her grief is terrible, but at length she becomes more resigned. A year passes, in which she gains some of her former spirit, but the Doctor is beginning to grow anxious, for he discovers that he has learned to love her passionately, yet fears for many reasons to make it known to her. Combe-Priors is a centre of gossip, and this fact does not add anything to his peace of mind. One afternoon they ride out together, and proceeding rather far, the evening suddenly closes in dark, and they lose their way on Dartmoor heath. They are beginning to grow alarmed, when they see the light of a cottage near at hand. This incident is followed up in the present chapter.]

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

"HERE, this way!" called the doctor. "Where's the track."

"Is it the doctor?" asked a rough country voice, as the speaker came up to the carriage. "Doctor, we've bin looking for yew three hours. The little lad's very bad."

"It's Jardine!" exclaimed the doctor. "My good fellow, I've been driving round in a circle all the time. The confounded snow has blinded me. Steady"—as the vehicle jolted roughly over the uneven road—"take care of the lady!"

"The lady!" The man looked curiously at the dark, unshapely mass of shawls which outlined Armine. "Well, now, it's a funny thing! We go weeks and months without seeing a soul up here, and to night it's all come at once. There's a gentleman in there already. He come knocking for shelter 'bout an hour ago—out on the tramp for his pleasure and got caught in the storm. You see our light shows out strong."

"'Like a good deed in a naughty world,'" quoted the doctor under his breath, as he trudged along through the already drifted snow, little knowing to what shipwreck that beacon-light was luring them all that night.

The strange gentleman was standing just within the door, and he bowed courteously as Dr. Westwood led Armine in, confused and half-blinded by the sudden blaze of light. The doctor disencumbered her of her wraps, placed her in a high-backed chair near the fire, and called to Jardine to leave the horse for a few minutes and warm a bowl of milk. Then he turned with quick professional instinct towards the inner room whence came the heavy stifled sound of a child's oppressed breathing.

The stranger stood back amongst the shadows, watching Armine as she slowly revived in the warmth of the wood fire. His intent gaze, if she had been conscious of it, would have flushed her white cheeks with a swifter fire than the leaping flame brought to it, but she had not yet remarked his presence.

He was a young man with handsome features bronzed as if exposed to a hotter sun than ever burns on English shores, and it was perhaps because he had been so long away amongst darker types than the delicate rose and lily beauty struck him with a new and keen sense of appreciation. He was saying to himself:

"Can she be the doctor's wife? By George, it's a shame for such a sweet girl to be buried alive amongst boors and pill-boxes down here, at what seems to me the fag-end of civilization—just married probably, and in the first flush of happiness—not that she looks happy by any means. If he drives her round to his patients in such weather, and in such situations, he'll be the death of her soon; he doesn't deserve his luck."

Then he gave a huge sigh and Armine, startled, spilled the milk which the host had just set before her, and uttered a little cry.

"I beg your pardon! I am afraid it is my fault," he apologized, hastening forward to repair the mischief. "I am weather bound here," he added presently. "I believe Mr Jardine's friendly light saved me from an unpleasant adventure for, from his account, Dartmoor is hardly the spot one would choose to lose one's way upon, especially on a night like this."

"Hardly, indeed," she answered, shivering again at the remembrance of her long drive and wondering, with a kind of desperate resignation if every brown cheek and every deep full voice would have power to pierce her heart like a keen sword hence forth.

The stranger drew a chair to the fire and chatted pleasantly—so pleasantly that presently, the roused echo of pain lulled again, Armine found her waiting time passing not disagreeably.

With an anxious face the doctor came out from the sick room.

"The snow is still falling," he said, "and the night is as black as my hat; there will be a moon later on. I see no help for it but to wait until it rises. We must inquire about the commissariat up here. I expect we are all dinnerless together"—with a smile at the fellow guest.

"And the child?" inquired Armine.

"Poor little man, he is very ill but I hope he will be relieved by the remedies."

"Can I be of any use?"

"You can comfort, no doubt. The poor woman is thoroughly frightened, and a few cheering words from you would go a long way. Altogether," he added cheerily, as Armine knocked at the inner door with her message of encouragement, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Mrs. Jardine will not be sorry to keep the doctor at hand. But I must look up Jardine and see what he can give us."

What Jardine gave them was rashers of excellent bacon and new laid eggs, cooked over the fragrant wood fire, home made bread, and milk sweet and fresh as the air of Dartmoor itself—a menu by no means despicable to appetites sharpened by fasting and exercise. The housewife left her nursing to superintend the repast, and the sick child lay soothed and calm in Armine's arms. The two men caught glimpses of her from time to time through the open door, as she bent tenderly over the little one, and heard her sweet, low voice cooing a lullaby. Each of them was fascinated by the picture, and each, with the quick instinct of masculine jealousy, detected the other's glances as they wandered too constantly towards the next room.

"She's not his wife," the stranger decided, overhearing a sentence between the doctor and his hostess; and the discovery gave him a great deal more satisfaction than under the circumstances seemed at all reasonable.

"I wonder who the deuce the fellow is, and what has brought him here," thought the doctor, scowling over at him as he set a chair for Armine and waited on her with sedulous care. And the stranger, in return, thought to himself:

"The old fellow is jealous! I wonder what right he has in her. What can be the relationship? A niece? No; a man doesn't look like that when another man is civil to his niece. A ward perhaps."

There was no reason why he should be relieved at this suggestion, but he was. He had no opportunity to verify his supposition by inquiry, for Jardine remained somewhere out of sight, and his wife was busy with the child.

The clouds cleared at last, and the falling snow ceased. The moon came out, and shone whitely upon a snow white world.

"We shall be at Combe Priors in forty minutes," the doctor said as he wrapped Armine up and Jardine brought round their carriage.

"Combe Priors?" echoed the stranger. "I am bound for Combe-Priors too. Can you direct me on the way?"

After that there was no alternative but to offer him the back seat in the little carriage, and Dr. Westwood did it with a very bad grace. With all his native faith in human nature, he did not believe that the stranger had ever heard of Combe Priors until that moment. And his belief was confirmed by the reticent manner in which he met all hints as to his object in visiting that somewhat remote spot and the want of acquaintance with the locality which he inadvertently betrayed *en route*.

CHAPTER VIII.

LINA HERIOT and her aunt sat at a late breakfast the next morning. There was a flush on Lina's cheeks—usually "not pale, but fair"—and a little exultation in her sparkling eyes which told of an event. Henry Falkener had arrived—in the most delightfully unexpected way, with all the prestige of an exciting surprise—and he sat at table with them now—"not a bit altered;" Lina declared, except that he was a little older and a good deal browner.

"I wonder," he was saying, as he helped himself to cold partridge, "what amount of information beforehand is necessary to ensure a lady against surprise. After having written the year, the month, even the week of my arrival in England, I hardly counted on the amount of astonishment my appearance has caused to you and aunt Leonora. I am wondering whether the surprise ought to be gratifying or the reverse."

"What is the effect on you?"

"I have not yet decided."

"But Harry," explained his aunt, "your hour was never announced; and before breakfast, in England, in rather an unusual time for an arrival."

"Yes," agreed Lina, "how did you manage it? Where did you come from, and when? There is no train into Combe-Priors after eight o'clock; and in that case you would have appeared last evening."

"In what case?"

"In case of your having come by the train."

"I did not come by the train."

"Still another wonder?" exclaimed Lina. "How in the world did you get here then?"

"I landed at Plymouth—ours was a troopship, you know—and, finding there would be no train for four or five hours, I concluded to walk."

"From Plymouth?"

"Yes. You know I always prefer walking to waiting."

"When did you get here?"

"In the night."

"In the storm?"

"No, not in the storm—after it."

"And did you sleep at the Devonshire Arms?"

"Yes, I slept at the Devonshire Arms?"

Why did he not tell frankly the whole story of his journey? He did not exactly explain to himself the reluctance he felt to bring forward the little adventure of the night, and it ought to have been the most natural thing to speak of it openly. He had his curiosity to satisfy, too, as to the relations of the doctor and his interesting companion, yet he asked no direct question—he simply beat about the bush.

"This seems a quiet little place," he said, looking out the window. "You must be awfully dull."

"Awfully," corroborated Lina, emphatically.

"It is quiet," Mrs. Heriot amended, "but we have a good many acquaintances; and it is home—and that means a good deal to a woman, you know."

"To a womanly woman," he added demurely.

"Is it a good neighborhood?"

"Yes; but we, who have no carriage, depend mostly upon our neighbors in the town for our society."

"I suppose," said Harry carelessly, "it is the usual thing in an English country town—the vicar, the lawyer, a curate or two, half a dozen old maids, and the doctor and his wife; that is the usual muster-roll, I believe."

"We have all these, and a few more," his aunt returned. "We have Colonel Trevanion and his wife, Captain Arbuthnot, a naval officer, and his family, and some maiden ladies who are amiable and agreeable. Our society is musical, too; and the country does not disdain the town; as is the rule sometimes, so we are fortunate."

"And the doctor's wife and the lawyer's wife are visitable?" Mr. Falkener asked in as indifferent a tone as he could assume.

"We have two doctors," Lina interposed. "One has a wife, the other has a—well, one of the loveliest women in the shape of a sister-in-law."

"Sister in law!" Harry Falkener uttered, with more of interest than he cared to betray escaping from him against his will.

"I am looking forward immensely to introducing her to you," Lina went on. "She is my dearest friend, and belongs to a type I have never heard you classify. Perhaps your Indian experience may enable you to specify it. She wouldn't ask you which end of your gun you fire from, as I once overheard a sweet, innocent, 'womanly' women do, and she had some decided opinions of her own; but she is not cleverer than an average man and she has no ideas at all on the subject of woman's rights. She is practical and poetical too, simple and yet complex."

"Upon my word, you make me anxious to make her acquaintance," said Harry, with well disguised art.

"Well, come to church first"—it was Sunday *morning*—"and we will walk up there afterwards."

"She is not likely to be in church then?"

"Not in this weather I think. She has not been very strong lately."

"Let me see; she is the doctor's sister-in-law—his wife's sister, I presume?"

"Oh, no—his brother's widow! Did I not tell you she is a widow—one of the war widows, poor thing?"

"Indeed!"

"Yes—there is the first bell. I will be back directly."

She did come back presently, in a very becoming costume of dark blue cloth, which set off her fair, pale complexion and golden hair to the greatest advantage. She had hurried her toilet so much that she had not had time to button her gloves, and Harry came forward gallantly, as in the old days, to proffer his services. He had always admired her, even if he had thought her a little strong-minded, and he admired her more than ever this morning. He had never had any other idea, even when he had teased her most, than that she would be his wife some day, when he had moulded her to his ideal. In fact, he had come from India now with the intention of asking her the momentous question, and of taking her back with him when his leave was over.

What made him hesitate now, then, when

Lina's slender hand was trembling in his? Did he really tremble, or was it only his fancy? She was not the kind of woman to tremble, or blush, or cry, yet there was a change in her—a softened shadow over her brightness, such as he had once thought was the one thing wanting in her. She turned away as his glance met hers—his eyes were saying a great deal more than he knew—and the glove which he had securely fastened already seemed to want a great deal of buttoning still. When she looked up again, there was a dewy mist in her eyes, as if tears were very near them. She was certainly very sweet, this cousin of his—very pretty, very womanly too, under this new aspect—yet why did he not speak the words he had come to say?

Why? Because another face with large pathetic eyes like a wounded deer's rose up between him and Lina, and another voice, soft and sweet as an Æolian harp, whispered to him with irresistible power.

"The bell has ceased; we shall be late, I fear."

Lina's high clear tones almost startled him, and he kept his lips firmly closed during the short walk to the church door, perhaps lest the half spoken words should escape him unawares.

The congregation showed but sparsely in the large ancient church, with its wide transept and double aisles which scattered them far apart, and it was not until the service was more than half over that Mr. Falkener recognized a tall, slight figure in deep mourning, bending over a hymn-book under a distant window. The golden light from the stained glass rested on the bowed head and seemed to glorify it, and Harry Falkener's usually well-behaved heart gave a great bound as he identified his acquaintance of the Dartmoor cottage. She was in her widow's dress now, and the long flowing veil and white cap seemed to invest her with a pathos and a tender womanliness which touched the young man in his most vulnerable part. She was so young too, this girl-widow, and there was such a touching story in the patience of the beautiful face, such a world of uncomforted sorrow in the deep pathetic eyes, that Harry Falkener felt that it would be a supreme happiness to be allowed to comfort her. This was his ideal woman, and there was no contending against the fact that, despite his five years' dream of his cousin, he had surrendered heart and soul to this unexpected realization of his first dream.

Poor Lina! The deep toned blue which had struck him as so charming an hour before seemed now but a garish display beside the nun-like sobriety of "the saint of his deepest devotion."

"Stop a moment," said Lina, waiting outside the porch. "All Combe-Priors is consumed with curiosity about you. I must announce you to somebody, news soon spreads amongst us, in pity to the community. Here comes my friend Armine Westwood. I am glad your Combe Priors acquaintance should begin so well with her. My cousin Mr. Falkener, just arrived from India, Mrs. Richard Westwood."

But to Lina's intense surprise her cousin held out his hand with the greeting of an old acquaintance.

"I am glad to see you out this morning," he said in a tone which to Lina's quickened ears conveyed more than the words. "I may suppose that you are none the worse for the cold?"

"Thank you," she answered simply, "I am very well. And so you belong to Lina? How strange! We were wondering what brought you to Combe-Priors."

Lina walked on with the aggrieved feeling of having been left out in some confidence between the other two—a sensation which gave her an uncomfortable shock and made her cross.

"And you knew all about Armine all the time!" she said abruptly to Harry, as they turned in at the garden gate of Mrs. Heriot's house after Armine had left them. "Why did you not say so?"

"I did not know all about her," he answered, with some confusion. "We met in the storm last night, and the doctor gave me a lift as far as the town—that is all."

All? Yes, but Lina was not satisfied; and Harry's coming back—the great event to which she had looked forward with so much undefined but delightful expectation—was, notwithstanding a certain tenderness of the morning, a disappointment.

CHAPTER IX.

A MONTH passed, with very little to stir the outside current of things in Combe Priors; and yet, beneath the surface, were events which were moving onwards to results sufficiently momentous.

As for Armine, something had come over her life which puzzled her, whilst it grieved her infinitely. Everything and everybody had changed in some mysterious way difficult to understand and painful to bear.

Philip—good, kind Philip—had grown morose, even at times openly irritable. He never invited her to drive with him now, he seemed almost to avoid her and keep her at a distance.

Lina had been used always to join her in her daily walks over the beautiful rocky shore or through the woods, but, for some unexplained reason, Lina had ceased to be her companion. It never struck her as odd that Mr. Falkener should so invariably join her at some point or other of her solitary walks; she was only too glad of his companionship in the unaccustomed solitude to which she found herself condemned. She was too inexperienced or too preoccupied in heart to understand the *empressement* of his manner, or to recognize the signs of a passion which was very evident to everybody else.

"There's that Mr. Falkener knocking at the door again," Miss Peckworth would remark, peering over her blind at Dr. Westwood's house opposite. "And I'm very glad of it. It's the best thing that can happen—the poor thing is too young to be alone; and it's best for the doctor, after all that's been said."

And honest Hephzibah was bristling all over like a porcupine with aggressive defiance at the hints of her gossips that "the gentleman from India was always with young Mrs. Westwood, and it didn't want spectacles to see that he was ready to worship the ground she walked on."

"She marry again! No, she knows better," would be the old servant's indignant contradiction. "Heaven never made two good men for one woman, and my young lady knows it. So don't come here with your nonsense."

It was one of those still, misty days of early winter when all nature seems silent and mysterious, and the dreamy spell is over us, making all around seem unreal, that Armine wandered, alone, down to the sea shore. In the old days it would seem a matter of course to call for Lydia on her way; and she hesitated a moment as she passed the once friendly door, but that undefined something which had come between them made her shake her head and pass on.

There were tears in her eyes as she sat down amongst the purple rocks, and watched the slow tide roll noiselessly in upon the gray sands—for all was gray to-day. The mist was spread over land and sea, and the little fishing craft, with all sails set, seemed to stand motionless, like dream ships on a dream-ocean. All along the shore the soft gray shadow hung, suggesting dreamy possibilities and delightful surprises behind the veil. And Armine, who knew the rock-piled coast by heart, yet pleased herself in her vacant, listless mood, by picturing strange scenes and new combinations hidden behind the screen of mist.

"What a strange, uncanny sort of day it is!" she said presently. "One can almost fancy that everything is waiting in this hush of expectation for some catastrophe. The winds and the storms are all asleep, and the terrible ocean lies under a spell, one cannot believe that it can be so terrible sometimes. It is like a sleeping giant."

But the giant was not asleep; he was only feigning, for his own fell purpose. She started up presently with a cry of alarm—stealthily the dull water had crept unperceived up to her resting-place; even now her feet were wet.

The place was a little bay, deeply indented, a quiet secluded corner where she and Lina had been used in summer weather to sit for hours, with their work or their books.

But—she remembered it now with quick terror—they had always watched the rising tide carefully, for the rocky path behind was steep and slippery, and so broken away in places that it needed a steady hand, a firm foot, and broad daylight besides, to climb it successfully.

And now, whilst she had been dreaming, the treacherous tide had stolen on her, the early winter twilight had fallen, and the path, both on the right and the left, she saw with dismay, was already washed by waves with exultant sound over the only road to safety.

For a moment she stood almost paralyzed by the danger of the situation. Half an hour before life seemed not of much worth, and death had seemed to hold within his cold embrace a dearer promise than the world had left for her. But now the young life rose up full and strong within her and asserted itself; she could not die, and by a terribly secret sort of death, too, alone, unaccounted for, stolen out of existence, without a trace left behind; nature rebelled against this blotting out of herself. She raised her voice in a hopeless cry for help; there was no answer save the dull lap of the advancing tide.

Another cry and another she sent forth on the heavy air, which could not float them far, and only their echo came back to her as she retreated step by step before her insidious enemy.

She set herself, not without a shudder, to the perilous ascent. She remembered more than one yawning chasm in the path, whose to miss the spring to the opposite foothold would be certain destruction, and she shuddered as she remembered. Would the fading light serve her so far? At all events, the venture must be made, and she nerved herself for the attempt, pausing for one instant for a swift prayer, a thought of Philip in his solitary home, and of faithful Hephzibah, and a tender farewell to Lina.

The dimness, the stillness, the mysterious blotting out of the great silent ocean before her, the slow, sure advance of the deadly tide, like a relentless fate from which there was no escape—all these produced in Armine a kind of horror which drove the courage out of her heart, the strength out of her limbs.

She seemed to be enveloped in the shadow of death—not the friendly death on which she had dwelt sometimes, the death which meant reunion with "dear Dick," but an awful, hopeless, extinguishing death.

She climbed painfully upwards, clinging to the hanging roots and jutting points of rock as she climbed, but feeling the dull hopelessness of even this instinctive effort against her fate. She knew that only at a certain point would she be safe from the high water tide, and she struggled on to reach this point, with very little hope beyond.

Then, all at once, with a suddenness which made her stand shuddering and trembling on the brink, and grasping at the nearest hold for support, she came upon one of those yawning chasms which she dreaded in the path. It seemed wider and more impassable even than she had pictured it beforehand; she dare not attempt to pass it. And yet to linger on the other side was certain destruction. She sat down to steady herself and recover her gasping breath.

The time was precious now—the way above her head was darkening every moment, the tide was washing against the point below her, where her feet had rested but a few moments before.

And that terrible chasm must be crossed! It took shape like a devouring monster lying across her path, and the opposite foothold seemed to recede farther and farther.

One more agonized cry for help she sent upwards as she rose again to her feet—a cry that seemed only to come back to her again, rejected alike of heaven and earth. She gathered all her strength for the spring.

The crumbling sand slipped from under her feet as she landed on the opposite brink; she threw out her hands, struggling vainly as the foothold failed her. What was this awful shape that rose up out of the mist before her despairing eyes? Was it death that seized her as his prey as she sank down, down, into the black abyss below?

CHAPTER X.

DR. WESTWOOD, driving along towards his home at the end of his day's round, congratulated himself that his steady cob knew every inch of the way before him, since the heavy mist, which had been hanging about all day, had thickened so much at twilight that it was almost as bad as a London fog. It was a dreary evening, the doctor thought, as he drew the collar of his coat closer up about his ears; he was glad to be on his homeward way, although the arrival at home which had once been the goal of all his day's hopes and labors had come now to be anticipated with so much pain and perplexity.

The cob trotted on steadily through the gloom. Suddenly the doctor drew the rein sharply—so sharply that the animal was almost thrown upon his haunches.

"Is it you, Dr. Westwood?" called a voice, strained and hoarse, out of the mist. "Mrs. Westwood is here; there has been a—a—slight accident."

The doctor sprang to the ground.

"Armine!"

"I am quite safe and well," answered a faint voice from a figure seated on the bank by the roadside, "thanks to Mr. Falkener, Philip. I am only very tired, and so glad to meet you."

"What has happened?" Dr. Westwood demanded almost fiercely. "How did you come here?"

"Mrs. Westwood was caught by the tide at Pender's Cove," Mr. Falkener explained. "She has had a fatiguing climb up the rocks. I happened fortunately to be at hand, and she is only tired. It was a lucky chance our meeting you at this point."

"Humph!" said the doctor, as he almost carried Armine to the carriage.

"What bears these country Sawbones are!" grumbled Harry Falkener to himself, as he trudged along after the doctor's carriage. "The fellow might have offered me the back seat—for the second time in his grumpy life. Ugh! That was a stiff climb!" stretching out his arms and feeling his strained muscles as he strode along. "It was a near touch more than once, by George! Thank Heaven"—fervently—"that I was in time! Well, the last half hour was the supreme experience of my life. I wish it could all come over again. I seem to feel the touch of her clinging fingers still"—looking tenderly at the cuff of his rough pilot jacket—"and the beating of her poor little heart against my hand like a fluttering bird. And yet she was so plucky, struggling on to the last step!"

He was at Dr. Westwood's door—duly noted by Miss Peckworth—in good time the next morning, not with much hope of being admitted, with inquiries after Mrs. Westwood's health.

Hephzibah, a shade grimmer than usual, peered at him from behind the door, which she opened grudgingly.

"You're to be let in," she said ungraciously enough; "but you'd best not stop long. My lady is not well, and not fit for visitors; she stayed out too late on the rocks in the fog yesterday afternoon, and she's got a bad cold"—this with defiance, as if the cold were his fault somehow.

"I'll promise not to stay long," said Harry Falkener graciously, slipping a mollifying half sovereign into the faithful duenna's hand as he passed.

Armine came to meet him with both hands outstretched, tears in her eyes.

"How can I thank you?" she said, looking up into his face with an indescribable expression of gratitude, of confidence, of sweet, trustful simplicity. "I went away without a word last night. What must you have thought of me? I was too stupefied for gratitude even. You saved me from a horrible death—out there, all alone. Oh, when I remember it——" She stopped, shuddering.

"Don't remember it," he returned softly, still holding the hands she had surrendered to him, and looking into the sweet face, all quivering with a beautiful emotion, until he felt his heart beat faster than was comfortable. "Don't remember it," he repeated.

"Oh, but I must remember it!" she answered. "How can I ever forget? It seems as if it were not so much death you saved me from as something worse, an awful despair. Oh, I can never express to you what the horror of that time was, nor the blessed, the wonderful salvation that you brought me! When I knew that it was you holding me up, safe above that terrible path, I seemed to have come back from another world—a world of darkness and horror. I think I was nervous beforehand—and the day was so gloomy. I sat there on the shore until I grew quite unnerved, and then the twilight came and the tide, and I seemed shut in—entrapped. The path up the rocks I knew was dangerous, and the light was gone. How beautiful the light seems to day! How beautiful everything seems! One must have been near death to know how precious life is. I have begun quite a new era to day. I am so happy and so grateful."

He said nothing at all this time; he was still looking into her face, watching its quick changes as she spoke, drinking in her words.

"It is time that I was grateful," she continued smiling. "I have been ashamed to think how ungrateful I was to you yesterday."

"You were nothing to me yesterday that—that—you ought not to have been—I mean," he corrected, floundering in his hastily begun speech, "I hate gratitude; it is a word which ought to be abolished between"—he stopped a moment—"friends."

"But not between us surely? You must let me be—oh, what shall I call it if I must not say grateful?" she exclaimed, hurrying on the impending crisis she was so unconscious of.

"Shall I tell you what to call it? May I tell you what I would have from you instead of gratitude—the gift that would make me indeed eternally, unspeakably grateful to you?"

It was said! And all the morning he had been telling himself that it must not be said, that the man who could seem to found a claim upon such a service as he had rendered her would be a cad and a brute. It had escaped from him against his will and his judgment, and was beyond recall now.

She drew back, starting as if she had received a blow. Unconsciously she looked down at her black dress and smoothed the crape folds with her trembling fingers, as if their contact gave her strength and protection. But she did not speak. She was thinking.

"What fatality is it that robs me of all? What have I done that I should lose this my last friend too, just when he has made himself ten times more my friend than ever?"

And the tears, which had moistened her eyes before, fell now, one by one, in large slow drops down her cheeks.

"Forgive me," he said, following her, "forgive me. I ought not to have spoken now. I make no claim—good Heavens, how could I? Mrs. Westwood—Armine, I have loved you since the first moment I saw you. Forget yesterday, if you can, and give me a little hope."

"You will always be my dear friend," she replied, struggling to speak calmly, "and I have so few friends. Do not let me lose another. I have lost some lately—I do not know why."

But he knew. She saw it in his face, and the clue, to her woman's intelligence, was not hard to follow. His conscious look set her thinking; and then something brought back to her all at once that summer day when she had pieced together a little romance for Lina out of a half-blush and a name, Harry—Harry Falkener. How was it she had failed to remember before? It came back now, like a faint echo of long since—long, long since, when she was happy. This is why Lina had held aloof so strangely and all the mischief had come. It was a sorrowful pity! She was angry with Harry Falkener, and the flash in her bright eyes dried the tears. She was very angry for Lina and angry for herself; and yet all her womanly instinct and her loyalty rose up to guard her friend. There was nothing to be said, nothing but the words which came coldly enough from her lips.

"Let us both forget what you have said, Mr. Falkener."

"I can never forget it," he replied impetuously. "I will wait and hope until you are ready to hear me again."

"No," she said steadily, for he was moving to the door; "I cannot let you go so. It is better to understand each other. I can never be any more to you or to any one than I am now. Let it all rest, aye, for always. I am sorry, bitterly, but it must be so."

"Why must it be so?"

"I shall never change."

"Nor shall I."

He bent over her, caught her hand to his lips, and was gone.

She sat where he had left her, shedding mournful tears over the miserable entanglement, and racking her brains for a way to set the crooked mischief straight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Saved by Love.

BY R. O. P.

THERE, that spoils the whole arrangement," said Helen Benton, dropping the pen she held from her jewelled fingers. "Why, mamma, you must be insane to contemplate such an absurdity. The idea of inviting them here on such an occasion."

"My dear, you know very well it is not my wish to have your cousins here on that night of all others. But your uncle has expressed a desire to see his sister Ann's children on this particular occasion, and you know we cannot reasonably refuse without offending him. I know it will make things very awkward, but you must prepare to make these little sacrifices to your uncle's whims. So you might as well begin with a good grace, and they will come all the easier to you. You know your cousins are just as near to him as you. So you must be careful not to offend him, as you might spoil all your prospects of ever becoming his heiress."

"Oh, phaaw! why doesn't Mark Brown come to the point? Then uncle William would see how manly he is. I would humor his whims. Oh, dear, it is really too provoking when I think of it, for Mark Brown, who is so elegant and aristocratic, to come here and see those detestable poor relations. They will come, without doubt, looking the picture of poverty, and expect, of course, to be introduced to everybody, I declare, it is really too bad."

And tears of anger stood in Helen Benton's bright black eyes.

"Now, do not worry any more about it, dear; leave it all to me, and I will see that they shall not be introduced to Mark Brown," said Mrs. Benton, soothingly.

With this consoling declaration, Ellen took up her pen again, and proceeded to write her invitations for the party which is to be tended to her uncle, who has just returned to the land of the living, as it were, for John Benton has long been thought dead.

He had not been heard of for fifteen years, until a few weeks ago, when he returned home, having amassed a large fortune, and found George Benton, his youngest brother, the only survivor of the large family he had left, and with whom he was for the present making his home.

"Well, will miracles never cease!" said Ellen Benton's cousin, Rose Barrington, as she finished reading her aunt's letter. "Whatever put it into Aunt Benton's head to invite us to her party? It is a mystery to me. She has never invited us before. Why has she done it now?"

"Well, it may be a mystery to you, my dear, but it is no mystery to me," said old Mary, the housekeeper, nodding her white frilled cap. "You need not thank your aunt nor your cousin Ellen neither, for inviting you. It is none of their doings; it is your uncle. You know your mother was his favorite sister. How attached they were to each other. Poor soul, she would never tire talking of her brother. How delighted she would be at his return if she were alive."

"Oh, I should like to see uncle so much. We may go, mayn't we, Rose?" said Jennie Rose's youngest sister, looking at Rose with great imploring blue eyes.

"I would very much like to see uncle, too, but I do not like the idea of going to aunt Benton's on a *fete* night, to do so. I do not think it is just the place for us, dear."

"Why not the place for us? Rose, how strangely you talk. I am sure we would enjoy aunt's party. I know I would. I have never been to a party in my life, and I am almost eighteen," said Jennie, her fair child's face glowing with interest.

Rose Barrington was a tall, stately girl, with a complexion like a lily.

"How lovely you look, Rose!" said little Jennie, her eyes shining with genuine admiration as she gazed at her sister. "I never saw you look half so handsome before. I am sure there will be no one at aunt Benton's that will outshine you tonight——"

"Sh, you dear, unsophisticated child. You will change your opinion when you have seen aunt's guests, and think your sister the plainest of all assembled."

Rose was right after all. Mrs. Benton's drawing-room was not the place for her two poor nieces, Jennie thought, as she watched the bright color come and go in Rose's face, and she knew how her sister's proud spirit felt the cold neglect of her aunt and cousin.

"How dared they invite us here to insult us so!" she cried, indignantly.

"Rose," said Jennie, as she laid her fair head on her pillow that night, "have you ever met Mr. Brown before to-night?"

"Why, you strange child, what put that notion in your head?" said Rose, evasively.

"Because I thought he knew you. He looked so pleased to see you, and he was going to offer his hand to shake hands with you before uncle introduced him. But you acted so strangely. You were almost rude to him, and I am sure he wanted to please you. I know he felt hurt at your conduct. I felt sorry for him, and he was so handsome and agreeable."

"You foolish child, what does Mr. Brown care for my treatment? It was only to please uncle that he took any notice of us; Mark Brown is a man of the world. You don't understand him. All men of his stamp are agreeable. But you must not be too ready to fall down and worship such men, their suavity and handsome faces often mask a bad, wicked heart."

"But Mr. Brown has not a wicked heart, I am sure."

"I am not speaking of Mr. Brown in particular. Now don't talk any more dear; go to sleep. I am too tired to talk."

Rose Barrington's voice sounded strange and husky as she uttered the last words, and if Jennie could have seen her sister's face, she would see tears in the large grey eyes.

Jennie was right in surmising that Mark Brown and her sister had met before.

Long after Jennie had gone to sleep, Rose paced her chamber, striving to calm the great agitation this meeting with Mark Brown had caused her.

"What did I ever do to make him think so ill of me?" she murmured.

Ah, how well did she remember the first time she had ever seen him.

It was at Madame Martin's, where she was employed.

He came with his sister to leave an order for a dress.

And Mark Brown, looking down at Rose Barrington that day, as she wrote his sister's order, thought he had never seen a lovelier face at home or abroad.

Somehow, from that day, Mark Brown had a great many errands to Madame Martin's. In this way these two were thrown together.

This world weary man found a charm in this young girl's society; she was so different from all the other girls he had met. He sought her every oportunity that offered.

In the evening he would walk home with her in the deepening twilight; how dear those evening walks had become.

It was during one of these walks that Mark Brown told Rose Barrington of his love, and offered her his heart and hand; asked her to share his wealth—offered her, in fact, everything that was his to offer, with one exception—that exception was his name.

She could be his wife in everything but name. Had the man walking by her side pierced her heart with a knife it would not have been more cruel.

That moment changed Rose Barrington from a happy, thoughtless girl to a saddened woman.

It is of Mark Brown's proposal she is thinking when she murmured—

"What did I ever do to make him think so ill of me?"

She fancied that she had taught herself to hate the man who had placed the cup of happiness to her lips, only to dash it away again with one cruel blow.

But to night she had discovered her mistake. Seated there in the darkness, Mark Brown's image rises before her, her cousin leaning on his arm. Her happy, smiling face mocks her in her misery. Every smile Mark Brown gives her cousin is a stab at her heart; and she is filled with bitterness towards him.

She clenches her hands till the nails sink into the tender flesh, and vows to be revenged.

Of John Benton's three nieces, Rose Barrington is the favored one. This is easily accounted for. Rose is so like her mother, that John Benton gives her his dead sister's place in his heart, and loves her with the same tender affection that he gave her mother.

"You are your mother's own daughter, my dear," said John Benton, as soon as he laid his sharp blue eyes upon Rose. "When your mother was your age, she looked just as you do now."

"Oh, Rose, isn't he the dearest old uncle in the world! And you need never again go to that horrid Madame Martin's. And we are going to live in uncle John's elegant house, and wear handsome dresses, just like cousin Helen. Oh, won't that be splendid!" cried Jennie, when Rose had related uncle John's bounty.

"Yes, my dear; and he is going to send you to Paris to complete your education."

Next season Rose Barrington burst upon society like some bright meteor, dazzling everyone with her brilliant beauty.

Let poets rave as they will about beauty unadorned, but anyone having seen Rose Barrington a little more than a year ago at Madame Martin's, would not recognise her in this brilliant queen of society, adorned by jewels and laces, with which her doting uncle loaded her.

Before the season is over she has rejected a dozen eligible offers, among them Mark Brown. He again pleaded for the love he had lost by his own folly, and begged her to forget the past and become his wife, but she scorned his offer as only a woman of her deep, passionate nature can scorn the man who has done her an injury.

Rose Barrington is revenged at last; but, oh, what a bitter revenge it is; for, in her heart of hearts, she knows that she loves Mark Brown with all the strength of her passionate heart. How often is she tempted to throw herself at his feet and confess her insurmountable love, to retract her bitter, scornful words, and forgive the past! But her pride is stronger than any other feeling, and she is ruled by it.

"What ails me to night? I am so nervous I don't know what to do," said Rose Barrington, as she paced about her spacious drawing room. "I feel as if something dreadful were about to happen. I wish uncle would come."

That moment John Benton appeared in the doorway, his usually bright face wearing a sombre expression.

"Oh, is it you, uncle? I was just wishing you would come? Why, what's the matter? Has anything happened, uncle?" said Rose, starting at his solemn face.

"Have you heard the news of the bank failure?"

"The bank failure!" exclaimed Rose. "You did not have money in it?"

"No, no; but our friend, Mark Brown, is a ruined man, Rose; every penny he had was in it, poor fellow. I am sorry—what is the matter? you are going to faint, child!" said Mr. Benton, as he rose quickly to catch Rose.

"No, no, I will not faint," she said, as with an effort she regained her self-possession. "Uncle, where is Mark Brown? Take me to him at once. I must see him!" she cried, excitedly.

"My dear, you are excited; calm yourself. Wait until to-morrow.

"No, no, to morrow may be too late—take me now. Oh uncle, if you love me take me to Mark Brown!"

In another quarter of an hour Rose Barrington and her uncle are rolling rapidly towards Mark Brown's. All the icy mountain of pride is at last melted out of Rose Barrington's heart.

"Mr. Brown left orders that he could see no one to night," said a servant to Mr. Benton.

"He will see me," said Rose, haughtily. "You need not announce me, show me to your master."

The servant led her to the door of his master's study. Turning the knob softly, Rose entered. Another moment and she would have been too late. There stood Mark in the centre of the room, his face ghastly pale. He was just about to pull the trigger of the pistol he held in his hand. In a moment Rose sprang to his side, and seized the hand that held the pistol.

"Mark Brown, what are you going to do?" she cried, in a subdued voice.

"Why did you come here?" he gasped, hoarsely, dropping into a chair.

"Mark, I have come to save you. Oh, Mark, cannot my love save you? I did not think you could be so weak!"

"My darling, my darling, your love has saved me," he cried, clasping her in his arms. "I shall never cease to thank God for crowning my life with the blessing of your love."

IRON IN ANCIENT ENGLAND—In England, in the reign of Edward III., iron was so scarce that the pots, spits and frying-pans of the royal kitchen were classed among the king's jewels. During the fifteenth century the manufacture of iron began to be extensive in Sussex, where the ores and the timber for smelting it abounded and iron mills soon became numerous in the country. The landed proprietors entered in the business eagerly, and not only were many ancient houses enriched thereby, but several new men acquired wealth and founded noble families.

A short time since, Mr. A. W. Atkinson, a citizen of Sussex county, Va., returning home at night from a visit to a distant neighbor, sat down on the side of the railroad to rest, with his legs across the rail, and falling asleep, he slept on until he was awakened by the approach of a train about midnight. He attempted to get out of the way, but his left foot was cut off and the right foot injured. A brother of Mr. Atkinson was killed a year ago under similar circumstances.

St. Louis is to build a $30,000 monument to Frank P. Blair.

Tennyson's new drama, "Thomas a-Becket," is completed.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

DUTCH SCHOOLS.—For thirteen years the Dutch have had compulsory registration of infectious disease. At their best schools there is always, besides the teacher, an attendant who sees to the personal condition of each child upon entering the school each day.

THE LOST RING.—A curious instance of the recovery of a lost ring inside a root of celery occured in Sweden. A lady in planting celery in the garden in spring, and while dibbling holes for the small plants with her finger, unconsciously dropped her ring into one of the holes. A plant was duly inserted into the hole, and doubtless through the lost ring, and as the root grew, the ring must have become imbedded in the substance. The ring had been given up for lost until the following winter, when the mystery was cleared by the ring turning up among the soup at dinner in a portion of the celery root.

MECHANICAL AID.—Illustrative of the application of mechanical aid, the following statements are the result of actual experiment upon a stone weighing 1080 pounds: To drag the stone along the smooth floor of the quarry required a force equal to 738 pounds; the same stone dragged over a floor of planks required a force of 652 pounds; placed on a platform of wood, 606 pounds; when the two surfaces of wood were soaped as they slid over each other, the force required was but 188 pounds. Placed upon rollers three inches in diameter, a force of but 34 pounds was needed, and by the same rollers upon a wooden floor, a force of only 28 pounds.

THE FIRST HORSES IN AMERICA.—To the natives of this country, a horse was originally an unknown animal, and when they first beheld the cavalry of the Spanish discoverers, they supposed horse and rider to be some new kind of animal, like the Centaurs of old. It is said that, seeing the horses champing their brass bits, the people thought they were eating gold, and so brought them lumps of gold to eat, which the soldiers slyly put into their pockets. Numbers of these horses, their Spanish masters being killed in battle, broke loose and ran wild through the country. The descendants of these horses multiplied and spread over South and North America, going south into the great pampas, and north into the prairie lands of Texas and the valleys of California. These horses still run wild, and are the only real wild horses in the world.

THE ORANGE FLOWER.—The orange is the symbol of poetic inspiration. The muses were represented with tunics covered with saffron, and Theognis, the early Greek poet, was clothed with an orange mantle. Orange also symbolizes the power and durability of Hymen. The young betrothed formerly presented themselves at the altar covered with an orange colored veil, called the flammeum, being the color of flame. The oath of fidelity could not be taken unless the head was covered with the flammeum or orange veil. How beautifully by its orange blossoms does the bridal wreath symbolically prefigure the kindling flame! During the past century the odor of the orange flower was so much in vogue that the cultivation of Louis XVI's orange trees was a source of considerable expense; for the great king would have one of these favorite shrubs in each of his apartments.

MELONS.—Melons have had the rare privilege of exciting the appetites of the most august epicures. The melon comes originally from Asia. It was a favorite with most of the Roman emperors, and particularly with Tiberius. In the seventeenth century the melon begun to be cultivated in Europe, and particularly in France. There exists a treatise on gardening, published by Claude Mollet, gardener of Louis XIII., in which some excellent directions are laid down for its culture. The fine melons grown in the environs of Paris are called cantaloupes. The name comes from Cantaloupo, a country residence of the popes, which became very celebrated in the fifteenth century for its fruits and particularly for its melons. The therapeutic virtues of the melon are insignificant; the ancients attributed to it one, that of calming the passions.

DANCING.—Dancing is one of the oldest of recreations. Homer speaks of a new dance invented by Dædalus for Ariadne. Theseus was immoderately fond of the reel or fandango, in which the arms move with the legs. The Normans revived rather than invented the round dances in the twelfth century; the Bohemians invented the redowa; the Poles the polka, first danced in England in 1840, the Hungarians the mazourka and galop. The cotillion owes its origin to the courtly Duc de Lauzun, who, for his audacity in contracting a clandestine marriage with the "Grande Mademoiselle," was imprisoned for ten years by Louis XIV. To this now popular and long winded dance many new figures were added by Marie Antoinette, and some more by the Empress Eugenie. Under the Second Empire the post of conductor of cotillions at the Tuileries balls was long held by one of the Emperor's equerries, the Marquis de Caux, afterwards husband of Patti, the famous singer.

THE GREATEST GOOD.

BY S. M.

The greatest good of man can nothing be, my son,
Of which the few have much, and all the others none.

Like life, and light, and air, this greatest good must be
Which common unto all is given equally—

Not riches, and not power, not lands or dower, such
Of which the one has none, the other how'er much—

Not knowledge and not fame, not art, whose sacred halls
The few alone approach when high vocation calls.

No! to be good alone's the greatest gift of man,
Since good we al should be—and he who will he can!

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC.

[Vivian Devereux and Duke Devereux are sons of the same father by different mothers. The former, who is the younger, is hated bitterly by his brother for his superior beauty and accomplishments. Vivian is a member of Parliament and has just attained a great success. Percy Everest, coming with letters of recommendation from an old friend of their father is on a visit from Canada to their residence, Chandos Royal. Here a party has been given in honor of Vivian's return from abroad at which Vivian meets Vera Calderon, the daughter of Arthur Calderon of Temple Rest. They fall in love with each other. A mysterious old woman, however, who, at various times comes upon the scene, warns them that it is fated that a curse must fall upon their affection. Neither heeds her words. Duke, who also pretends to love Vera, dishonorably and secretly pursues Maggie Tredegar, the daughter of one of his father's tenants. Vivian, who was her playmate in childhood, saves the girl and advises her to leave the neighborhood. The night that he meets her he is seen by Percy Everest, who informs Arthur Calderon of the fact. Everest has some as yet unexplained reason for hating the Devereux family and hopes to be able by covertly planning the ruin of its sons to win Vera Calderon for himself. Vera's father hears the story from Everest and chooses to think the worst and writes to Vivian to inform him that he is no longer welcome as a guest at Temple Rest. Vivian, in order that he may not expose his brother's rascality, will not explain the true facts. He asks Vera to see him and tells her the truth. She believes him and assures him of her undying love. Arthur Calderon worried over his daughter's love for Vivian, or the contents of a strange letter he has received, is supposed to have been lost over the Brida Cliffs, whither he has gone one night in his anxiety. Vivian hears of the event at midnight and comes to Temple Rest. He there ascertains from Vera such circumstances as are known of her father's disappearance and also learns that Maggie Tredegar has returned and is now at the Rest. Vivian remains with Vera and offers his sympathy and love. This brings us to the present chapter.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE sunrise was bathing the east in red and gold when Percy Everest was roused from his sleep by the servant whom he had desired to call him early, as he wanted to go out for a ride before breakfast.

"Sir," said the servant through the door, "there's dreadful news, sir!"

Percy was up in an instant, and bade the man come in. Then he poured out his budget. Mr. Calderon of Temple Rest had fallen over the Brida Cliffs on the previous night; one of the fishermen, who had been to search for him, had come to the Hall and told them, and Farmer Tredegar's daughter had seen him; and Mr. Vivian, he must have heard the alarm-bell—they said it was wrung at twelve o'clock. He had ridden off to Temple Rest, and he fancied he was back now—he was not sure. That was for the master.

Everest asked for further particulars, but the servant could give him only outlines. Should he rouse Mr. Duke?

Yes, perhaps he had better, Everest answered, and then, dismissing the servant, he rapidly dressed himself.

"So, Mr. Vivian Devereux," he said to himself, "Maggie Tredegar brought the news, did she? She is back again—hem! And you ride over to Temple Rest without rousing another soul! My time is ripe now, I think—ripe to pay another instalment of the debt I owe all of your blood. Ha! ha! You don't like me, Vivian; your eyes are too keen. Your saintly brother has taken quite a fancy to me. I will repay him."

He passed out into the passage, and tapped at the door of Duke Devereux's dressing-room.

"Come in," said Duke's voice.

Percy went in.

Ten minutes later the door was flung violently open, and Duke strode into the corridor, with a face livid with passion, and Everest followed, trying to urge calmness and moderation.

"Devereux, try to remember, your father, the occasion——"

Duke answered furiously:

"Be silent, Everest—not another word! This roof shall not cover us two another day! By Heaven, he shall rue crossing my path! John, Rivers"—a fierce stamp and oath—"where are you? Dolts! Blockheads! Come here"—as a footman, looking half scared, ran hastily up the stairs. "Where is my brother? Is he in?"

"Yes, sir; he's been with Sir Randal, I think, sir. Sir Randal wasn't very well this morning; but he seems to have rallied wonderful, sir."

"Go and tell Mr. Vivian I want to speak to him," said Duke, interrupting the man. "I shall be in the red library." He stepped heavily down the echoing stairs.

The footman stood gazing after him blankly. Everest's heart, for a moment, almost quaked within him. Vivian was an intensely passionate man, but his haughty and disdainful temper prevented this from being often apparent. Unlike Duke, he was not readily roused by trifles; but all the more terrible would be his passion if once the floodgates were opened; and Duke in headlong rage, did not seem disposed to stop short of any provocation. Well, well, let it work.

"Ah, Duke Devereux," said Percy Everest to himself, as he turned away, conscious of a look on his face which he would not have the servant see, "the reckoning has only begun, and if you, in your mad-bull temper, take the business out of my hands, so much the better."

"My brother wishes to speak to me?" said Vivian carelessly, when the message was given to him. "Well, I am quite at his service."

He had just quitted his father's apartments, and at once descended to the red library. He was too high-minded and too proud to stoop to the pettiness of giving annoyance by wilful delay.

"I hope," was his thought, "Duke will remember that if he is a Joseph in piety I am not a Moses in meekness."

He opened the door of the library, and the fierce face he met would have told him all, if he had needed telling. He closed the door, and, bending his head slightly, said with exquisite courtesy:

"You desired speech of me, brother. Here I am."

"Drop that cursed satire!" cried Duke. Duke, bursting out at once, and his deep voice shook with passion, while Vivian looked exasperatingly cool, as he stood leaning against the door with his arms folded—a favorite attitude of his. "You have made the breach perfect now, and when we part to day it will be forever. I will never meet you—never speak to you again."

He stopped, choked with rage.

Vivian filled up the pause in his sweet clear voice.

"I can dispense with your invective, if you wish to be spared, Duke; but I will hear you for a little, if you wish to say anything more."

"'Will' hear me!" said Duke. "You shall hear me—you, who pride yourself on your 'honor,' and yet stand between me and Vera Calderon, trusting in your accursed beauty and winning ways, that have served you so well and deceived her! No doubt you have told her a pretty story about Maggie Tredegar; that you met her by chance; or—ha, ha!" he laughed a loud harsh laugh—"saved her from me, quotha! It would be a neat revenge to throw the mantle of your vice on me and the girl would back you up for a jeweled toy, or for love of you perhaps. And now you have the effrontery to bring her back to this place, from which you sent her, and to go into Vera Calderon's presence when that girl is under her roof! By Heaven, Vivian Devereux, you are a black villain, and the world shall know it!"

"Stay," said Vivian, with something in eye and voice—there was no marked change—that compelled attention, "hear me a moment. You are playing a dangerous *rôle*, and I warn you that if you repeat elsewhere the lie you do not scruple to face and utter, the truth shall be known, as I am Rohan and Devereux. You know me—silence still—you shall hear me this once, and for the last time. This roof cannot shelter the sons of one father; so be it. I have never sought the quarrel. On your head it rests. Shame on you—deep shame." He spoke now with a bitter pain rather than contempt. "Are you Chandos-Devereux, and yet would have not only ruined an innocent motherless girl, but would now make her name a mark for public infamy? Dare to deny the truth to me, Duke Devereux! Did I not suspect it the first night I came to this place, home I will not call it? Did I not try to warn the foolish girl, and she did not heed me? It was chance—at least, what in common phrase we call chance—that brought me in the path of Maggie. She told no lie—as you do now—but the simple truth, when she gave me the name I did not need to hear. You may wear the mask successfully to the world; you have never deceived me, and you know it too well—as well as you know that I am no profligate. I have held but venial the sins that society does more than condone—ay, almost smiles upon in men of fashion—but I have held as dear as my own the honor of a pure woman. Have you? What has your life been? What is it now? Why is that you have never brought a wife to Chandos Royal? Ah, you wince! Bah! I have no certain knowledge; but I could easily convert suspicion into knowledge if I cared to do it. Is there no black page in your history that you cannot, perhaps dare not, cut off the hated heirship of Stephanie de Rohan's son? Tredegar's daughter would not have been your first victim if the man you have made the world believe a *roue* had not interposed. Wear the mask to me!" He laughed scornfully; but there was in the brilliant hazel eyes the fire of fierce deep passion that seemed to wither up the tempestuous temper of the commoner nature. "Drop such sorry pantomime, and face me, if you choose, on the true issue. I stand here no more to hear a lie."

How was it that Duke Devereux had heard his brother without interruption? Simply because he was compelled, awed, or bewildered into silence by a concentrated force of passion and will against which he had not even the defence of a clear conscience. He trembled with the violence of his own angry emotions; even his lips paled, while Vivian's voice rang as clear and true as a bell, his eye did not waver, his lip was steady; and yet anyone who saw these two men would have preferred to brave the elder.

So Duke Devereux never once interrupted his brother. But when Vivian ceased he spoke. The allusion to his past career had evidently, as his brother saw, found a joint in his armor.

"If I am guilty," he said, "am I to believe you guiltless? No; I know at least that the part of Mentor is hardly yours. You have crossed my path here. You have come between me and my will with your foreign mother's beauty——"

"Take care," interrupted Vivian in a low voice, and his very lips were as white as the dead—"take care, lest I forget that you are my father's son."

Duke paused, and again the coarser nature succumbed.

"But," he went on, "I am no poltroon to suffer you to stand between me and the woman I love. You have checkmated me with the peasant girl; by Heaven you shall not rob me of Vera Calderon!"

"You love Vera Calderon!" said Vivian quietly. "Go, then and plead your cause when and how you can; and—— Stay! When you see her next, offer her this as a gift—it belongs to you now."

He stepped to the table, unlocked a drawer, and flung down the glittering chain that poor Maggie Tredegar had resigned to him.

"She may value the bauble that was meant to buy a peasant girl's soul."

"Villain!" The hoarse voice rose almost to a shriek. Actually foaming, Duke made one stride forward in the blind instinct of ungovernable fury, with uplifted hand. If Vivian had been close to him the blow would have been struck; but, after that first stride, Duke halted, his hand dropped, his bloodshot eyes wandered.

Vivian stood still, absolutely motionless, without the quiver of an eyelid, and with the steadfast face that seemed hewn in marble, and his innate nobility bore down the gladiator spirit. Duke Devereux was cowed. He stood panting and speechless.

"It was well for you and for me," Vivian said calmly, "that the blow struck only air. I could not strike again my father's son. Duke, brother, how have I wronged you that my very life is a bitterness to you?"

Was there no grain of gold in the man to whom Vivian Devereux spoke? Surely, if there had been, the infinite pathos of that appeal—nay, the mere words, "I could not strike again my father's son"—would have brought it to the surface.

But the elder brother drew back, and dashed his hand fiercely on the table, pouring out words thick and fast.

"How wronged me? How have you not wronged me? I would that you had never drawn the breath of life! I hated your mother before you—and why? Because I foresaw that her will would clash with mine; because I would have undivided dominion, and while she lived I shared my empire with her; because I soon saw that she disliked me—no wonder—but it was the same to me; and then, when you were born, she lavished all her love on you. I did not seek it, I would not have it—I wilfully repelled it; but it maddened me to see that she was less wounded by my rebellion when she had you. You grew up into childhood, and what was I in comparison? I was the heir—the eldest born—you were the second, a mere infant when I was a man—an alien child of a foreign mother, whose language you spoke before you knew your own; and all the world raved of your beauty and your genius. The rooms were filled with your pictures; the servants were your willing slaves; your childish fancies were anticipated, when my commands were sullenly obeyed. I heard comparisons drawn, prophecies of your future greatness. I would not wipe your name from my mind. I could not forget you—I was not suffered to do so. When you were away, I was constantly hearing of you. In the brief periods you were here, I, though heir of all the estates of Chandos Royal, was cast into the shade by you. Your beauty, your golden tongue, your winning address, your gift of satirical wit, which you turned against me like a poisoned dagger, your thousand superficial graces—all made you, not me, the central figure. And for this I hated you. Men believed me virtuous; they believed you a splendid profligate—at least those who knew you little believed it; yet you were a darling of society. If the name of Chandos Devereux was uttered, it was you—Devereux of Rougemont—that was first thought of. I could injure your nerve, but I could not injure you. Yes; I make full confession now before we part forever, it is nothing new to you, but you shall hear it from my own lips. Not wronged me! If I was—am jealous—had I, have I now no cause? Have you not, with your accursed beauty, doubly robbed me, and prevailed on the woman I might have won, but for you, to believe you a knight-errant and me a seducer? Not wronged me! I tell you you are right, Vivian Rohan Devereux, your very life is a bitterness to me; and in a few weeks—it may be a few days—that life will be one step nearer the lordship of Chandos Royal and Westleigh. The tenants on the estate, the servants in the house, look forward to the day when you will be their master. The wish has been uttered to my face—ay, many and many a time—that you had been the eldest born. Truly, though I have banished you from these walls, you have supplanted me through all. Have I no cause to hate you?"

"None—Heaven knows it—none!"

With one hand resting on, or rather grasping, the back of a chair near him, the other tightly clenched as it hung by his side, with his head slightly bent, his eyes fixed on the ground, his lips closely compressed—and from this attitude never varying once—Vivian Devereux heard from beginning to end patiently his brother's monstrous accusation; and when he uttered those few words it was neither just anger nor resentment that made his clear voice tremble, and he neither lifted his head nor looked up.

His brother drew back and gazed silently. How could he understand that which was stirring Vivian's heart? That lofty nature was a closed book to him. Alas, he would, if he could, have trampled it under foot! Failing that power, he put it from him, hating it for the very glory of its brightness. It might be that those few words, the soft low voice, the expression, the bearing that accompanied them, would come back to memory, and then, too late, the whole history of two lives might be written out in letters of fire—the lightning flash that blasts while it lights—forcing the writhing lips to falter forth in despairing echo, "None—Heaven knows it—none!" But the ear was deaf now, and the eyes were blind. Vivian knew it well; he had spoken involuntarily rather than to his brother—the words were wrung from his heart. He turned now with an altered manner, with something, though less of the old scorn, the old pride.

"I am not careful," he said, "to answer an indictment in which my offences have been for the most part the possession of gifts given by Heaven and fortune. It is but humiliation and pain to hear a confession of hatred without foundation, slander without excuse, falsehood without pretext, hypocrisy clothing vice, injustice, infamy. But enough—which of us two is alien to the blood of Chandos-Devereux? Which of us—your own language be your judge, for every word that accuses me recoils upon you—which of us two is the most wronged? For the rest, you know, Duke Devereux, that, as regards Maggie Tredegar, I am guiltless. But, if I have won Vera Calderon's love, how have I crossed your path? Are not a woman's heart and hand free? What should have hindered you in your wooing? Have I not, more than once, given way to you? And my tongue never did injury to your name, Duke Devereux. If it had, she would have doubted the slander that a brother's lips could utter: for honor, if not love, would seal them. Go to her if you will—I do not seek to hinder you, even now—go to her, and see if she will hear vows that are from you an insult to her very womanhood; see if Vivian Devereux's betrothed wife will forget him and betray him for his brother."

With that he turned to the door.

"Hold!" cried Duke, and Vivian paused. "Vera Calderon may close her doors against me, as her father closed them against you; but she shall yet hear from me, face to face, what you are. I swear it! I will see her once more, as there is a Heaven above us!"

Vivian walked deliberately up to his brother, and stopped, folding his arms across his breast.

"In the hour," he said, looking him full in the face—and Duke literally quailed before that look and voice—"that you determine to seek the fulfilment of your dastard threat, pause one moment, and remember Vivian Devereux."

Those were his last words. He opened the door and went out, straight to his own apartments, and summoned Alphonse.

"Alphonse," he said quietly, "I leave Chandos Royal for Rougemont in half an hour. Follow me as soon as you can be ready."

Alphonse bowed silently. His faithful heart was filled with grief; but he was hardly surprised. He was about to retire, when Vivian asked him if he knew where Mr. Everest was.

"In the sitting-room," monsieur," said Alphonse, and he glanced anxiously at the white stern face of his master, as the young man passed him.

Everest's apartments were near. Vivian knocked at the door and, hardly waiting for an answer, entered, and Everest started back in vague alarm.

"I—I—Mr. Devereux!" he began.

"Oh, you have nothing to fear, most honorable guest!" said Vivian, with a bitter satirical smile. "I have nothing to gain, and some honor to lose, by laying hands on such as you. If that had been my intention, I should have fulfilled it before this. I knew from the beginning who was the high-minded gentleman who played the spy, and was content to be silent, though he might have saved a woman's honor, till it suited him to speak. I made my suspicion sure by an apparently careless remark, and your face showed me that I had not wronged you. Silence, sir! Hear me out. I came here to warn you. You have thought fit to repeat this tale to my brother. Let it go no farther. I do not stoop to utter denial to you. I simply tell you this—that if beyond the walls of Chandos Royal the name of that young girl is linked with mine to her undoing, I shall know at whose door to lay the offence, and whenever and wherever I meet you, I will horsewhip you like a dog! Good morning."

He turned contemptuously upon his heel, and left the room; and Everest stood for a moment as pale as the haughty Devereux himself, malignant rage and fear in his heart.

"So," he said at length, sinking slowly into a chair and pressing his hands together, "you will horsewhip me like a dog, my lord of Rougemont? Take care—oh, take care that a day of reckoning of which you never dreamt does not overtake you. For I will know no rest till I have brought all who bear the name of Devereux to the dust."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE whole neighborhood, the whole county, speedily rang with the news of Mr. Calderon's sudden and awful death, and one of the first things Wilford Coryn learnt when he took possession of the Rectory of Rougemont, was the calamity that had befallen the master of Temple Rest; the next was that on the day before Mr. Vivian Devereux, or, as he was more often called, Mr. Devereux of Rougemont, had arrived at Rougemont Castle, having left Chandos Royal.

The first piece of information shocked rather than grieved the Rector, for the name of Calderon was simply known to him and nothing more; but it caused him real sorrow to hear that Vivian Devereux had once more quitted his father's roof, at the time when the near approach of death should banish all thought of any cause of disagreement. There seemed little hope that so grave a breach could ever be healed up. While he hesitated whether to call on Vivian just yet or not—for, like every one else who came in contact with the young man, he had fallen under the spell of his fascination—Devereux himself solved the difficulty by pulling up his horse one afternoon at the Rectory gate, and asking the servant if he might come in and see Doctor Coryn. The Rector—a fine, tall, intellectual-looking man of about forty five—came out himself, as he heard the mellow voice he remembered so well, and warmly greeted his young patron; and for nearly an hour they talked together. During that conversation Vivian made no allusion to the cause of his leaving Chandos Royal, and the Rector did not feel himself at liberty to ask any questions. He asked how Sir Randal was however, and Vivian told him, adding quietly—

"I expect daily to be sent for; but still the physician does not anticipate anything sudden."

Doctor Coryn sighed, and the sigh did not escape Vivian's keen ear, nor the reason his quick mind, but the Rector turned the subject to the master of Temple Rest, and asked fuller particulars, which Vivian gave.

"It is very awful," said the Rector sadly. "You know them intimately then? And the poor child, his daughter—how fearful a blow for her!"

"Doctor Coryn, you must let her come some day and see you."

The Doctor smiled—a smile so sweet and kind as to negative the doubt implied in his words.

"I shall be most happy," he said, "to receive her, if you think I can be of any service to her."

"I know you would be, Doctor Coryn. I will tell her to-day to come soon."

The Doctor looked into the handsome face, and Vivian met the look with one that he read it.

"Yes," he said, laying his hand upon the gate, which they had reached now, "you are right, Doctor Coryn. Don't utter any good wishes. I don't feel just now as if there were more brightness in the immediate future than in that leaden sky," pointing with his riding whip to the gathering clouds.

The Doctor was startled.

"Forgive me," he said, "I trust you have not—no, you would not give your happiness into the keeping of a woman you do not love."

"What should be my motive, Doctor Coryn? I have found temptations come unasked, as thick and fast as the friends of prosperity and the enemies of adversity; I have no need to seek them and light them on their way. No—it is not that; but I am in a foreboding humor, I think."

"Heaven avert all evil!" said the Rector earnestly, as they shook hands, "and grant you a bright future!"

He leaned over the gate, watching the graceful rider until he was out of sight.

"I wonder," he mused, "if the woman he has chosen is what she should be for affinity—a woman with personal beauty and unique character. So often men, born to be great and famous, cut across the line of their obvious destiny, and marry women in every way their inferiors, or between whom and themselves there is no harmony. I should like very much, very much indeed, to see Miss Calderon."

How little Wilford Coryn dreamed then in what unlooked-for manner he should first obtain the fulfilment of his wish, and see face to face Vivian Devereux's betrothed wife!

* * * * *

It was past midnight, and Vera Calderon was pacing slowly up and down the library, with a settled gloom on her young face mournful to see. She looked sombre indeed in her deep crape, with only the white ruffles at her throat and wrists to relieve its dead blackness. Her thoughts were sorrowful enough, her spirit was restless; she could not sleep; she had walked up and down like this for two hours, and still she was not weary.

Suddenly she paused and listened. What was that? The deep full tone of a bell borne on the night air—a death knell. The girl clasps her hands, and stood quite still; in another moment it came again. It was from Chandos Royal—the passing-bell from the chapel.

"It is for Sir Randal," she said inwardly; and then she covered her face, and the tears rushed to her eyes, as once more the awful voice uttered its warning, and her heart asked "Is Vivian with him? Does he know at the last that he has wronged his son? Oh, if we could view our past and plan our future as from a death-bed, what, bitter suffering, what miserable sin, would be spared us!"

So he was dead—this lord of Chandos Royal, and Baronmere—a poor worn-out old man, whose weakness had wrought more evil than wickedness; and the son to whom he had been as a slave in his own house hardly even affected to mourn him. The son he had loved so little soothed his last moments; and then, alas, too late! he saw at least some glimmering of the truth that his life had been a mistake; and, when Vivian bent over him, he stretched out his feeble hand, and whispered:

"Stephanie's son! Vivian, I have wronged you!"

Those were his latest words. In twenty minutes more the bell that had last tolled for Vivian's beautiful mother rang out for the head of that proud house. What bitter tears the motherless child had wept then! Now he stood grave and silent, grieved the rather that he could not grieve than because the dead man had left a vacant place in his heart.

And Vera, still listening to the solemn minute-bell, drew near to the window, and opened it; and, as she stood there, her tall, black-robed figure defined against the background of light within, a heavy cloud that had obscured the moon passed on, and the pale rays fell on the hueless face. But on what else? What was it that made Vera reel back, pressing her hands to her lips to stifle the cry that must have burst from them, and with such a look of ineffable horror in her eyes as never wholly left them from that moment? Her bold spirit did not readily quail: no rustle of the summer wind among the boughs would drive the life-blood back to her heart like this; no flitting shadow or form conjured from a familiar object would stamp her features with that look and make her stand there, rigid and motionless, like one stricken with catalepsy:

> "With glassy eyes . . . .
> As tho' were in her curdled blood."

* * * * *

An hour later, Aileen Connor, who slept in a room next to that of her young mistress, felt a touch upon her shoulder, and, opening her eyes, wide awake at once, started up with a stifled cry——

"Great Heaven, what has happened Miss Vera?"

Well she might ask the question, looking into the awful face on which the lamplight shone.

"Hush!" said Vera, in a hollow voice that hardly seemed her own. "Silence—on your life! Dress quickly, come to me, and I will tell you."

"Miss Vera, one word—it is not Mr. Vivian?"

"No. Aileen, I told you I should need your friendship one day. That day has come."

She placed the lamp upon the table, and passed into the next room.

Alone, in the darkness, she fell upon her knees and wrung her hands above her head, in tearless anguish and with a voiceless cry from the stricken heart:

"Oh, Vivian! oh, my life, for whom I would die a thousand deaths, and count the sacrifice as nothing, for the love I bear thee, would to Heaven we had never met!"

CHAPTER XX.

WITH all pomp and circumstance Sir Randal Devereux of Chandos Royal was laid in the sepulchre of his fathers, and his two sons followed him to the grave, and many members of noble houses, kinsmen to the lords of Chandos Royal, and then a long line of tenants, among whom the whisper passed:

"Sir Randal was a good landlord, in spite of Mr. Duke; but now things will be different. Ah, if Mr. Vivian had been the elder!"

The stately obsequies were over—the funeral feast and all the grim panoply of funereal splendor. And then the will was read; and Duke Devereux, sullenly, apart from his brother, listened, well pleased as clause after clause was read without any mention of Vivian's name.

But it came at length. All that had belonged to Stephanie de Rohan was to be Vivian's, including the noble picture—which years before had won fame for its painter—that hung in the white room.

Vivian saw the heavy scowl on his brother's face; but his own flushed for a moment, and his heart throbbed. He listened to the rest with indifference; he coveted neither money nor lands; all he cared to possess was his own.

"Let all that belongs to you be removed as quickly as may be," said Duke Devereux, as he passed his brother on the threshold; "you can bring them when you are lord of Chandos Royal."

Vivian made no answer; but that evening servants came from Rougemont and all that could be moved left Chandos Royal before nightfall. But the rain fell heavily that evening, and the picture was left to be brought away the next day.

Sir Marmaduke Devereux stood and watched his brother ride off; and, as man and horse vanished from view, he turned with a muttered oath.

"My heir!" he said. "Nurse that thought; for by Heaven, while I have life you will never set foot in these halls again!"

He rang the bell.

"Send Stephen here," he said to the servant who appeared.

Stephen came, he was his master's humble shadow, not that he bore him any love, but he had an eye to worldly advantage in serving him faithfully, and his conscience was very elastic.

"Stephen," said Duke, "has everything belonging to Vivian Devereux been removed?"

"Everything, I believe, Sir Marmaduke, except what——"

"Except what? Speak out, dolt!"

"Except the picture of my late lady, Sir Marmaduke. Mr. Vivian said it could not be moved because of the rain; it should be taken away to-morrow."

"What?" exclaimed Duke fiercely. "I said nothing belonging to him was to remain beyond to-night. Does he dare to brave me—defy me——"

He strode to the door. If other incitement than his own evil passions were needed, it had not been wanting, for he had dined late and had drunk heavily, and the only influence that might possibly, if the possessor had chosen to exert it, had made Duke pause in his mad intent was absent; for Mr. Clinton Everest had absented himself that day because of some "business" at Melton Parva, and would not return until the next morning. He had no desire to meet Vivian Devereux.

"Follow me," said Duke; and he went straight to the white room.

Surely the sight of that wonderful beauty might have moved him from his purpose; but it was too like Vivian's face to touch Duke Devereux.

"Help me," he said, "to take that picture down."

For the first time in his life Stephen remonstrated with his master.

"For Heaven's sake, Sir Marmaduke," he said, white with terror, "you wouldn't do it an injury! Think of Mr. Vivian, sir; you know he——"

Duke interrupted the man with so violent a gesture that he recoiled in alarm.

"Blockhead! Do you argue with me? Obey me. Do you think I am afraid of my brother? Injure it? No; but ha! ha! if he wants the picture he may search for it."

Stephen dared not say more, but he thought that Sir Marmaduke must be mad or intoxicated to brave Vivian's wrath like this. But Duke was not intoxicated; the wine he had taken had sufficiently excited him to make him utterly reckless, but he fully knew what he was about, and Stephen noticed that he took care not to injure the painting.

"Let it be moved," he said, "to the vaulted chamber under the south staircase."

The place named was not far. In a few moments the evil work was done; and Duke swung to the heavy door and turned to the servant.

"Listen, Stephen," he said, "I am going out. Take yourself out of the way if you choose; but, if my brother asks questions, no answer, on your life; you know me!"

He strode away.

"Heaven help us!" cried Stephen, wringing his hands. "He is mad indeed. What will be the end of this?"

For himself he judged discretion to be the better part of valor, and forthwith disappeared till Vivian should have been to Chandos-Royal and returned again to Rougemont.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CARRIAGE for the transport of the picture of Stephanie de Rohan drew up in the great courtyard of Chandos Royal, and almost at the same moment Vivian, followed by faithful Alba, rode under the arch and sprang to the ground.

"Follow me," he said to his servants, and led the way to the white room.

With sorrowful faces two or three of the older Chandos Royal servants followed. It seemed a dreadful thing for her ladyship's picture to be taken away; it looked as if they would never see Mr. Vivian again.

Vivian opened the door, crossed the threshold, and stopped suddenly. There was a general cry of amazement and dismay; but Vivian stood, still and silent, and the awful change that came over his face hushed the exclamations of the astounded servants. They drew back and gazed at him trembling.

"Who," said he, at length, in a voice that hardly seemed his own, "who"—and he turned to the oldest of his brother's servants—"has dared to move my mother's picture?"

"Mr. Vivian," said the man, clasping his hands, "not one of us here would help in such work for all that money could give."

"I know it. Where is Sir Marmaduke?"

"He's out, sir—I don't know where he's gone; but oh, Mr. Vivian, forgive me——"

"Silence—not a word! At his peril let any one cross me now! Answer me, one of you, and truly, for you may regret a lie to me—which way did Sir Marmaduke go?"

A young footman spoke.

"He took the road to Temple Rest, sir!"

"On horseback or on foot?"

"On foot, sir."

"You are answering truly?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Vivian! I wouldn't dare to tell you a lie, sir."

"I don't think you would," said Vivian grimly. Then, addressing his own servants, he ordered, "Wait till I return;" and without another word he walked to the door. But one of the servants, who had been long in his service, threw himself before him.

"Mr. Vivian," he implored, the tears running down his face, "oh, sir, discharge me, if you will, for my presumption, but don't—don't, for Heaven's sake, go to meet Sir Marmaduke now! Oh, sir, it's for the love I bear you I speak—do listen to me!"

Vivian paused a second, looking at his faithful retainer.

"Fordham," he said deliberately, "if you had not served me long and well, and risked my wrath because you love me, I would hurl you out of my path as I would some inanimate trifle that for a moment barred my progress. Stand back!"

Terrible indeed must have been the passion that could so transform Vivian Devereux. To reject with rebuke the pleading prompted by affection was as far from his nature as injustice or cruelty. The man fell back with a white face of fear and wonder; and Devereux passed on.

A moment after they saw him spring upon his horse and ride off at full speed.

"And the bloodhound with him!" said Fordham, covering his face. "Oh, Heaven grant they may not meet!"

Better if they had met—far, far better!

How short a time it was since Vivian Devereux had ridden at the fleet Arab's highest speed on the road to Temple Rest; but how different had been the feelings within him then from those that seemed to turn his heart into a very hell of fierce passions now.

He reached Temple Rest, and, without dismounting, beckoned the servant who answered his summons to his side. Had Sir Marmaduke been there? Yes, he had called, and asked for Miss Calderon; but she was out—at any rate he—the footman—could not find her. Sir Marmaduke moved away, seeming angry or vexed, the servant thought.

"Did he strike across the grounds so as to go through the Quarry Wood," said Vivian, "or return by the carriage road?"

"The carriage road, sir. He might have struck off afterwards; but he went that way."

"Thanks. Good morning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A girl at Hopkinton, Vt., was a cripple from her birth until lately. The story of her cure, as her family tells it, is that, while at dinner, a deadly pallor and an expression of agony were observed upon her face, and she complained of a sudden and terrible pain in her diseased leg simultaneously with the appearance of a strange, shadowy form by her side. From that hour she began to recover, and she is now comparatively well.

SLANDERED.

BY H. E. J.

God reared her sweet and fair, and undefiled
As chiseled marble is;
The angels even walked with her, begutled
By her rare loveliness.

A reckless gabbler found too willing ears;
She fell—a stricken bird—
Drowned in the hot lava of her tears,
Slain by a cursed word.

Laura's Fate.

BY E. D.

I TELL you, sir, you shall never wed my daughter! You, a son of old Francis Este, wed my daughter and your father my bitterest enemy? No, sir, never let me hear another word on the subject! My decision is irrevocable."

"But Major Peyton——"

"No more, sir! Good day!" and the crusty old major turned his horse's head and rode away, leaving Frank Este alone to his meditations.

"Well," thought he, "he did give his permission with a vengeance. Laura said she was sure of his consent to our engagement, and he gave it. Oh, yes!"

And the young man gave a scornful laugh, which was suddenly checked by the sound of a far away voice, singing.

"There was Laura now; she could not have met him on his way home."

As Este spoke, a young lady rode into the upper entrance of the shaded pathway, which had been a broad carriage-way, and came directly towards him.

"I have done it, Laura," were his first words; "I have pleaded and he has refused; so I only waited to bid you good bye"

"To bid me good-bye!" and her red lips parted with such a merry laugh that his face partly cleared of the gloomy look it wore. "Why, how foolish you talk! As if I, a daughter of Major Peyton, would bow to such a command."

"But how can we evade the command?" he replied.

"Well, I will complain of ill-health, and go to aunt May's, and you can follow in a few weeks, and we will be quietly married; and so it will be all right in the end."

If the daughter and heiress of old Major Peyton had glanced to her left, among the bushes, she would not have spoken so loudly; for the old gentleman was more shrewd than they supposed, and had sent a boy to follow her and report her conversation to him.

On reaching home she was summoned to his study, when he laid down the law in a manner not to be mistaken.

"I know your entire plans, and you must keep your room until you give me your promise to renounce your lover for ever. The servants have been instructed to carry nothing from you to Este."

Without even a word, she swept proudly from the room.

As the door closed, he chuckled to himself, and remarked—

"When once she gives me her promise, I know she will hold it sacred and inviolate in preference to life. Some day she will bless the time when she made it, and me for being so harsh. A son of an Este, indeed!"

A week passed by, and Laura had gradually grown ill. The family physician was summoned, but he could give no reason for the feverish symptoms, and the high rate of her pulse, so he could only administer a quieting powder, and leave word to give her another if she did not sleep soon.

Another week passed, and no improvement in her condition; indeed, she was growing gradually worse.

What could be the cause of her illness passed the doctor's comprehension, and father and daughter were both too haughty to give the real reason.

The moments and hours passed; daylight came, and the watcher who had been seated by her side all night was relieved by another, and had gone to rest.

The chamber door was open to allow the fresh air a freer circulation, and she heard a horse's foot on the stone flagging at the front portico, as she lay half awake, half dozing.

Suddenly she was fully aroused by hearing her lover's name uttered. She listened; again the voice said—

"We went for him, but they informed us that he had taken the express for Belville a few hours before, and as we left, we saw the account of an accident. On reading it, his name was the first among the killed."

A loud scream from Laura rang through the rooms and corridors of the old house, and she fell back upon her pillows in a swoon.

In a few moments the room was filled with excited people, headed by her father, while one of the servants was despatched for the doctor.

Frank Este, before leaving Mapleton, had heard the entire story of Laura's punishment from one of the servants; so he had determined to absent himself for a time, in hopes that the storm would blow over.

Seating himself in the train he pensively puffed at a fragrant cigar.

Suddenly the car seemed floating in the air, then a dull thud threw him from his seat, while the timbers twisted and writhed as if in mortal agony.

A huge piece of timber lay across his breast, pinning him to the floor.

The murmur of voices and flashing of lanterns told him that the work of rescue was going on.

Suddenly a slight sound was heard, then the scream of a woman.

"The car is on fire!"

He knew all; but instead of realising the fearful import of the words, his eyes closed, and his lips seemed to murmur something.

Men's voices sounded near his head; a large timber behind him was being removed.

As the lower end was severed it fell forward, striking him full on the forehead.

He fell back stunned.

Soon the heat drove back the rescuers; they could work no longer; it also seemed to affect him; his eyes unclosed, but a different expression was in them; the light of reason had fled.

A moment more, and his lips moved; he was singing Laura's favorite song.

His voice died away in a husky whisper; the head lay still on its hard pillow.

Nothing was heard but the roar of the flames and orders of men, mingled with a sudden scream or groan of distress.

The flames approached; the heat blistered the paint above his head.

Again he struggled to utter something—"Laura! Going to Belville."

His voice ceased; he was again unconscious.

Evening came at the Peyton estate.

The doctor's face looked grave; wild words came from Laura's unconscious lips, and gradually the old physician learned the whole story.

The turn of the night came, and the fever partially abated.

The doctor had lain on the sofa for a few moments rest, and had fallen asleep; the nurse's head had also began to nod, and finally rested on her breast; she also was dozing.

A few moments passed; the sufferer half rose in a sitting posture, glanced around the room, the gleam of madness in those bright blue eyes, a feverish flush in her face, and an unnatural strength in her limbs.

Quietly she slipped from the couch, almost brushing the watcher's clothing as she passed, unlatched the window looking out upon the lawn, swung it noiselessly open, and stepped out.

Once outside she sped on like a frightened doe, the pale moonbeams casting a flood of silvery light upon the scene; on by the old well sweep; on by the little pebble brooklet that wandered through the grounds, never pausing till she reached the neighboring cemetery gates.

Here she halted for an instant, looked about with a searching air, then hurried towards a new made tomb, and cast herself upon it, calling in pleading accents to that unheeding ear; then her mood changed; a merry laugh rang out among the tombs, as if the grim destroyer was holding high revelry in the city of the dead.

Morning broke, and all was confusion at the house.

Servants were hurrying to and fro, lanterns were flashing among the shrubbery.

Laura's absence was discovered.

But who was that familiar figure who accompanied them?

Were it not for Este's death, we could swear it was he.

"I must have been delirious when rescued from the wreck, for I remember nothing until the following morning."

It was Este himself, strangely saved.

At last the searchers approached the cemetery wall.

Este paused a moment, then vaulted over it, and hurriedly approached a new made tomb.

A glad shout brought the others quickly towards the spot.

As they approached he knelt by Laura's side, and, as the truth flashed upon him, he burst into tears.

She lay with her dimpled cheek pressed on one white arm, her golden hair falling in a shimmering mass over her white shoulders, her pale face, from which life's light had fled, turned towards heaven, and a glad smile on her lips, as if she already saw her angel mother's arms waiting to receive her in that haven of rest, God's kingdom, while tightly clasped in one fair hand was a broken lily, his favorite flower.

A single white shaft of marble marks her resting place, and chiselled on it is the simple inscription—

"Waiting the Judgment Day."

Dr. R. W. Mitchell, the intrepid yellow fever physician of Memphis, describes the city as wholly cut off from the world. There are no trains running into or out of the town, and nobody leaves the place without the authorities knowing it. No steamboats land there at all. The supplies are all brought down on barges, which are dropped by the steamboats a couple of miles above the city and allowed to float down. When they arrive at the city men in skiffs or tugs secure them and bring them to the landing.

Much jewelry is vulgar.

Tom's Wife.

BY A. O. H.

"MY dear old friend," the letter ran, "I write for the purpose of inviting you to visit us. Don't refuse. My wife heartily seconds the invitation. Ah, Jack, she is a jewel—my wife. You, who sing about the felicity of 'Bachelor Hall,' when you have seen my happy home, will change your tune. You must come, Jack. I won't take a refusal. Yours &c.,

TOM HOWE.

I answered his letter thus—

"MY DEAR TOM—I thought when I last saw you, I could never be tempted to jeopardize my peace of mind by again placing myself at the mercy of your practical jokes. But I have no other wish now than to accept your invitation. You must promise me, my dear fellow, you will not play any of your jokes. A married man ought to be more dignified; and if you do play any of your tricks on me, I warn you, I shall take the first train for home. Yours,

JACK ESHERTON.

I went. I was met at the station by Tom's servant, a man who had a long waistcoat, long necktie, a long hat, long boots, and whose name was Shaw.

I instinctively hated the man.

He scrutinized me closely; I returned the scrutiny.

We at length reached Tom's house.

I anticipated Tom's welcome, but in his place came the loveliest woman I ever beheld.

"Are you Mr. Esherton?" she asked, timidly approaching me, and shyly glancing at me from under her drooping eyelids.

I informed her that I was that personage, and then inquired for Tom.

For answer that gentleman himself dashed up on horseback, sprang from the saddle, grasped my hand, and, like the irrepressible Tom of old, cried—

"Glad to see you, old boy! We'll have glorious times as of old. We'll hunt, fish, smoke, &c., till you grow so fat, hale, and hearty, that your most intimate city friends won't know you. Come, let's go in; tea is waiting. Pardon me for not introducing you, but I supposed you had introduced yourselves in my absence. Apropos, it was inhospitable in me to absent myself on your arrival, but business called me away."

So rattling on Tom ushered us into the coziest little parlor that ever a poor bachelor was called upon to envy.

But the cosy little wife!

What was the envy of the room, with all its adornments, to the envy of such a wife?

Must I admit it—I may as well—I felt a strange thrill at my heart.

It was a thrill of exquisite pain—a thrill of jealousy of Tom's happiness.

"Tom," I mentally cried, "better, far better for me had I declined your invitation."

Presently we had supper after which Tom and I strolled out for a walk.

"Tom," I exclaimed, enthusiastically, "your encomiums of your wife were merited. She is indeed a treasure. By Jove, if I could find such a jewel, I would never rest till I won and married her."

I thought for a time he was angry at my impetuosity, but his face cleared, and the old wicked twinkle that I feared so much, sprang to his eyes.

He grasped my hand, saying—

"You're right, my boy; she's the dearest little wife in the universe. I'm glad you like her."

After we had talked for some time, we reentered the house.

"Margery," cried Tom, opening the piano, "favor Jack and me with a tune. He has a passion for music."

"Perhaps Mr. Esherton——" began she, but was interrupted by Tom.

"No, Margery, I protest! No mistering here. It's plain Jack. Do you hear, Jack? She's to call you Jack, and you're to call her Margery. Violation of this rule will incur my eternal displeasure. Govern yourselves accordingly."

She laughed and gave me a bewitching look, accompanied with a nod.

"I was going to say," said Margery, "that perhaps you could sing with me."

"No, no; excuse me, I can't sing—Margery."

The word was uttered with a gasp, and I certainly turned very red in the face.

Tom was looking at me, and I saw he had a desperate struggle to control the muscles of his mouth.

I was indeed fond of music, but I was entranced by her magnificent voice. The evening passed on golden wings.

Tom ran on in his wild old way; told his jokes and laughed just as boisterously as he did when at college.

He did not give us much chance to join in the conversation, for one comic anecdote reminded him of another which he must tell.

We both laughed heartily at his stories and talked volumes to each other with our eyes.

That night I dreamed I loved Margery.

Oh, truthful dream! I dreamed she reciprocated that love.

Oh, vain dream! Then I dreamed intrigue began.

We determined to elope; my heart bled for poor Tom, but I felt it was death to live without her. Now she has met me under the old elm south of Tom's house. I see her pale, excited face; I feel her nervous hand clasping mine. Now we are fleeing. On, on, and now we are pursued. Tom is on our track.

The scene changes, and we are on the river. We glide along smoothly in a light boat. Now we are safe, and she is mine—mine forever.

But no; Tom still pursues us. Now he is close to us. Why cannot we glide faster? Tom approaches swiftly. Now he closes in on us. He has caught her in his cruel grasp. Her beautiful pleading eyes are raised to mine. Tom raised a knife. Then I catch his arm; we struggle silently together. I wrest the knife from his grasp and plunge it into his breast, and he drops from the misty boat and sinks beneath the dark waves.

How dark the river has grown by the pale light of the moon!

The gaunt and ghostly figure of Mr. Long suddenly emerged from the waves. I saw him catch my darling in his long arms, and before I could interfere, they had both disappeared beneath the turbid waves.

This awoke me.

I arose and bathed my feverish face, and went forth into the air to try and exorcise the evil spirits with a fragrant Havana.

By the ensuing morning my dream had ceased to trouble me, but the reality of things did not cease.

There was Margery before me in all her beauty, all her sweetness, to tempt me on to love her.

There was Tom, with all his exuberance of spirits, and as unsuspicious as a child, to tempt me on to love.

He seemed to do all in his power to bring us together.

Days passed away and lapsed into weeks.

In these three weeks I was almost the constant companion of Margery.

The thought of breaking away from this charming creature caused me pain like unto death.

No matter what it cost me, however, the only honorable course for me to pursue was to return to the city and forget—no, not forget, for never could I forget the only woman I ever loved or could love.

Tom was absent on the day I arrived at this determination.

All the better, I thought; it will be easier to get away.

I proceeded to pack up and get ready to go by the evening train.

I noticed, during the process of packing, that the long body of Long was overshadowing me; he seemed determined not to let anything escape his observation.

At length, when I had finished my work, he approached me.

His long arm was raised to his breast-pocket, and from thence he abstracted a letter which he handed me.

I tore it open; it was from Tom, and read—

"Jack Esherton, you are a traitor! I no longer doubt your perfidy. Long has watched you and Margery closely. It is useless to deny your intention of eloping with her. I demand satisfaction, and it can only be had from your heart's blood. Meet me on the river bank, and by the light of the moon and in the presence of Long, we will settle our differences. TOM.

I looked up; Long had disappeared, and in his place stood Margery.

"Why, Jack you're not going to leave us are you?" she asked. "What will Tom say? Surely you will stay till he comes?" she cried, in an imploring tone.

"No, no, I cannot Margery. Indeed I cannot. I can never forget the happiness I have had here, but I must leave you now and I fear—it—is for ever."

"For ever!" she repeated. "Oh, Jack, for ever!"

What a world of tenderness, of regret in her intonations!

"Oh, Margery, do not break my heart! My grief, my wretchedness is beyond bearing now! Your beloved eyes looking into mine will haunt me in coming years. You know my secret. Recriminate me if you will, Margery, my darling. Farewell, farewell!" and I turned to go, when her fingers closed over mine.

I turned to her again, and she threw her arms about my neck.

"You must not go; you shall not go, for—I love—you!" and the beaming face was hidden on my breast.

A chuckling noise from behind startled us.

It broke into a laugh, then into loud shouts and frightful roars, intermingled with hideous guffaws and a woman's musical laugh.

Margery's face was suffused with blushes, and she drew away from me, but I clasped her more closely, a light breaking in on my bewildered brain.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom, while Long emitted a series of strange sounds very unlike a laugh. "Ho, ho, ho! Long—ha, ha, ha! wife, Jack thought sister Margery was—ha, ha, ha!—was my wife!"

A certain barrister, who was remarkable for coming into court with unclean hands, observed that "he had been turning over Coke." "I should have thought it was coals you had been turning over," said a wag.

WAITING.

BY CLARA WEST JONES.

Over the quaint, low lattice,
Clamber sweet roses, whose glow
Blends with the jasmine tender—
The damask and delicate snow.

Softly the gentle zephyrs
Fragrant with breath of flowers,
Kiss the roses all blushing,
Sending the scented showers

Of petals on the ledge oaken,
By which a maiden does dream,
And through whose curls of golden
Rifts from the sunlight gleam.

Clad is the form so youthful,
In robes of the purest white,
While 'midst the curls, so loving,
Nestle some flowers bright.

High in its cage all gilded,
Warbles the bird in glee,
'Tis not the pretty songster
Now that the blue eyes see.

What makes the fair face brighten,
Why does she blush and start,
And neath the silken bodice
Why quickly throbs the heart?

Under the tree's cool shadows,
Whose boughs now gently sway,
Comes one of mien most lordly,
Mounted on noble bay.

Out again in the sunlight,
Dark eyes aglow with love,
Through the embowered lattice
Meet the blue eyes above.

Still on the ledge are falling
Petals blown idly apart,
But she who dreamed and waited,
Is clasped to her lover's heart.

Phila., Sept. 24, '79.

Jennie's Word.

BY J. C. R.

IT was the morning after my birthday party, and I slept late—so late that breakfast was nearly over when I came downstairs.

Papa looked pale and anxious. I thought, as I kissed him, showing the effects of our previous night's dissipation and excitement far more than I did.

As for me I was young—seventeen—happy, in the almost certainty of having James Markham's love; rich, being papa's only child and heiress: and as for my looks, well, so many people, only the night before, had told me I was beautiful, that I began to believe it must be true.

Not that I cared to be beautiful in any but James' eyes. I loved James—oh, so truly! I knew very well that he loved me, too, just as dearly; only, because I was rich he wouldn't speak.

I was thinking of the love in his eyes last night, and smiling happily and involuntarily as I mused, when papa arose from the table.

"Come to me in the library, Jennie, when you have finished," said he.

And something in his look and tone chased my bright dreams away.

Not without cause.

I have often thought since then when I left the breakfast-room and passed into the library. I left behind me the joy and happiness of my life, and entered straightway upon its miseries and cares.

"I have received a proposal of marriage for you," said papa, abruptly; "a proposal which I desire you to accept."

The suddenness of the announcement fairly took my breath away. I began to think that at last perhaps James had spoken.

"Who has done me the honor to propose?" I asked.

"Elmer West."

I arose to my feet with utter dismay.

"Elmer West! And you wish me to accept him? Oh papa!"

My father arose, and leading me to the sofa sat down beside me.

"I will tell you why," he said, quietly.

He did so, there and then, quietly, despairingly.

"Last night, after the party, he asked me for the twenty thousand dollars which he placed in our hands only six months ago, at a time when a run on the bank seemed imminent, and had it occurred would have broken us. To comply with the demand is impossible; to announce that impossibility is ruin—ruin not only to ourselves, but to hundreds who have trusted us—ruin, dishonor, despair!"

Much more he told me, all proving that there was no escape but one; the alternative was:

"Give me your daughter's hand, and I will give you a receipt for ten thousand dollars; the other ten can be her dowry."

And could I refuse to save him, poor papa?

It never occurred to me to refuse.

How could I, in such a terrible strait, desert my father?

And, besides, there had never been one word of love between James and me. How could I be certain that he did love me?

Had there been any definite understanding with James it would have been different; but now I was confused—nothing seemed real but the ruin I was called upon to avert, and my misery.

Like one in a dull dream I gave my word, and received my father's kiss and blessing, and went upstairs to my own room.

On the way, still like one dreaming, one of the servants came after me to say that a gentleman was waiting to see me in the parlor.

I went down, opened the parlor door, and went in. James came forward quickly to meet me.

"My darling," he said, "good fortune has come to me—I have inherited some money. I can tell you how I love you now."

I could have cried out with agony.

Then suddenly a wild hope sprang up in my heart.

I looked into his face eagerly.

"How much money, James?" I asked.

He looked startled for a moment.

I suppose it sounded mercenary, but he answered readily;

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Alas!" I groaned, answering my own thoughts, "it is not half enough."

He actually laughed at that, and caught me in his arms.

"Little goose," he said, "it is more than enough; it is a very nice little sum for me to begin business with. Your father said, long ago, that when I had that much I might ask for you."

"He did."

He never asked me if I loved him, nor did I notice the omission. Instinctively we read each other's thoughts.

"Papa told you that? Oh, if I could have known that you had spoken to him; but now it's too late!"

And I told him all.

Poor James! He would give papa the ten thousand, he said, and the house could be sold or mortgaged, or something done, to pay Elmer West's money, and set me free again.

We hurried together to the library.

Too late again! Papa had gone.

When he returned the bargain was concluded. He held the receipt for half of Mr. West's money, and I was in honor bound to become his wife.

I pass over my sufferings and James'.

James went away from the city; it was better so; the sight of him now could only make my cruel duty harder.

I was not to be called upon to fulfil my engagement for a year—that much respite I insisted on.

Strange and inscrutable are the designs of Providence. Before that year was out the dear father, for whose sake I had consented to sacrifice the happiness of my life, died—died suddenly of apoplexy.

The shock had well nigh killed me, too. The affairs of the estate were settled during my illness.

Poor papa had been terribly involved. Nothing at all was left for me. I should be compelled to work for my own living, but for being obliged to marry Elmer West.

I would have worked gladly—aye, to my life's end, rather than become his wife.

As I looked at the sad reflection in the glass—the pale, thin, black-robed shadow of my former self, a faint hope stirred within me.

Surely he will not wish to wed that sorrowful ghost! Perhaps when he sees me he will set me free.

But he had no such thought.

"Change and travel, and happiness will restore your beauty," he said.

I answered quietly:

"You can never give me happiness; never, never!"

His brow grew black.

"You do not flatter," he said, bitterly. "I begin to think myself that I made a foolish bargain. I loved a bright, lovely, brilliant girl. I find myself engaged to a sad, pale, pining woman. Such as she is, however, she has cost me ten thousand dollars, and it appears to me that she is in honor bound to make me an affectionate and loving wife. Your old lover might buy you off, perhaps, only the house in which he invested his money burned down last night. I suppose he is ruined."

I uttered a cry of despair; my last hope was gone, for I had intended to appeal to James to help me.

"You would have asked Markham to pay me the ten thousand?" said he, presently.

"Yes," I answered, "if I could pay you that money I would be free, but until I can do that I am in honor bound to become your wife."

"I am glad you see it in that light," he said; "I don't know that I can pay you a greater compliment than that of being willing to take you rather than the money."

Strange infatuation for a woman who not only could not care for him, but whose heart, he well knew, was another's.

The date of our wedding was deferred, of course.

He could not expect me to go to the altar before my year of mourning expired.

Meantime I had taken a quiet lodging, and began to support myself by music teaching.

A hard life for one who had never known want or toil.

No doubt hard work is pleasant when the heart is at ease.

As the months wore on I became quieter, thinner, paler—less and less like the "bonny Jennie" of old,

I thought sometimes:

"Even James would hardly care to have me now."

It wanted but two months of our marriage at last.

I had learned to hear him talk of it without pain; I had come to look upon it as inevitable.

One morning I stood at my window looking out.

It was raining, and I hesitated about setting forth. Suddenly James Markham passed and saw me.

I gave a cry and stretched out my hands to him.

I gasped for breath and sank into a chair, half fainting, just as James came into the room.

He closed the door, and stood looking at me.

"Poor child," he said, softly; "you have not gained happiness either, it seems."

Then, glancing with surprise around the room:

"And what are you doing here? Your husband is a rich man. Does the scoundrel neglect you?"

My surprise was unbounded.

"Husband!" I repeated; "I have no husband; what do you mean?"

"No husband?"

He stared at me.

"Were you not married six months ago to West?"

"No no! Oh, James, so soon after poor papa's death. Who could tell you so?"

"He told me so, the villain. I wrote to you, and received no answer. Then I wrote to him, offering to pay your father's debt. He sent me in reply a newspaper announcement of your marriage on that very day. But, Jennie"—he came to me suddenly and clasped me to his arms—"how have you lived?"

Oh, at his touch—at the old, tender tone, how the flood gates of my grief gave way. I clung in his arms as on the day we parted, and poured forth my love and sorrow on his breast.

And, in the midst of it all, a well-known step sounded outside, a tap on the door, and Elmer entered.

We never moved.

I clung closer to my true lover, and James held me fast.

"We are glad of your arrival, sir," said he, coldly. "I have come to set this lady free."

Elmer stood speechless.

James went on:

"She has held herself in honor bound to you. She was wrong; you have no honor. The bond between you is her father's debt, and that debt I will pay. Now, sir, it is you who are in honor bound to set her free. If you refuse, I know how to compel you."

Elmer scowled sullenly.

"You need not talk about compelling," he sneered. "I am no frantic lover; I hold the lady no great prize. I even suggested long ago that she should ask your assistance."

James turned to me.

"Why did you not do so?" he asked.

"How could I? Your house burned—your money——"

"My money was not in the house. I had withdrawn it three days before to pay for your release. Oh, my darling, what misery would have been spared us both had you written to me, and I should have come at all risks to make inquiries in person, but for the printed lie he sent me."

Turning suddenly to Elmer, he threw on the table a card.

"There is my address. You will find me there, prepared to pay the money, this afternoon. Good morning, sir."

He flung the door open, and returned to my side.

"Begone, sir!" he said, "your presence here is an insult."

Elmer took the card and departed. nor from that hour has my life again been darkened by his evil face.

For the money was paid, and James and I were married.

Happy wife and woman is Jennie Markham now, and earnestly does she thank heaven for the faithful love that rescued her before it was too late.

OBSTINACY AND IGNORANCE.—The obstinate man is generally an ignorant one, and a slave to his opinions. His belief is proof against any reason. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are the faster he holds to them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves; for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those which are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent; no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment; and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the least scruple of his freehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into any lighter color. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. To try to reason with such a man is labor wasted. M. S.

Cheese should be eaten with a fork.

Scientific and Useful.

WEIGHT OF THE METALS.—The lightest solid body known is a metal—lithium—which is only half the weight of an equal bulk of water. The heaviest body known is also a metal—platinum—which is twenty-one times as heavy as water, forty-two times as heavy as lithium, and nearly twice as heavy as lead.

ARTIFICIAL AMBER.—An artificial amber, consisting of coral, camphor, turpentine, etc., and of about the twentieth of the value of genuine amber, is used extensively as a substitute for the latter. The spurious article can be detected by dipping it in ether, where it soon loses its polish, softens, and becomes sticky.

BLACK POLISH ON IRON AND STEEL.—To obtain that beautiful deep black polish on iron and steel which is so much sought after, it is required to boil one part of sulphur in ten parts of oil of turpentine, the product of which is a brown sulphuric oil of disagreeable smell. This should be put on the outside as slightly as possible, and heated over a spirit lamp till the required black polish is obtained.

COLORED PENCILS.—The composition of variously-colored pencils for writing on glass, porcelain, metal, etc., is given as follows: Black—Ten parts lampblack, forty parts white wax, ten parts tallow. White—Forty parts white lead, ten parts wax, and 10 parts tallow. Blue—Ten parts Berlin blue, twenty parts wax, and ten parts tallow. Dark-blue—Fifteen parts Berlin blue, ten parts gum arabic, and ten parts tallow. Yellow—Ten parts chrome yellow, twenty parts wax, and ten parts tallow.

KEEP THE MOUTH SHUT.—The relative time occupied in inspiration and expiration is such that the carbonic acid gas breathed out to a distance is out of the way before the next inspiration, the air for which is drawn in from the immediate neighborhood of the nostrils. During the day our nostrils are kept clear of interference, as we sit or walk; but at night bed clothing is apt to get so arranged as to retard the current of carbonic acid breathed out, and some of it is thus a second time inhaled, instead of the incurrent being, as it should be, of pure air.

THE ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM.—One of the recent hypotheses of the origin of petroleum is that advanced by a Russian scientist. He regards the interior of the earth metallic, doubtless composed largely of iron and carbides of iron: through rents made by earthquakes, water gained access to these bodies at a high temperature and under great pressure, and by their mutual chemical action metallic oxides and saturated hydro-carbons resulted. It is these latter, according to him, which, carried by watery vapor, have spread themselves through the overlying rocks.

POISONOUS COLORS.—Energetic steps are being taken in Switzerland against the use of poisonous colors. The Governing Council of Zurich has prohibited the use of all coloring matters prepared from the compound of the metals lead, arsenic, copper, chrome, zinc, antimony, bismuth, and mercury, for decorating articles of consumption, or of clothing, or materials; also paper for wrapping up chocolate, coffee, tea, chicory, tobacco, and eatables in general: toys, covers and cushions of children's carriages, carpets, curtains and window blinds, lamp-screens, wafers, and table services. Poisonous organic matters, such as gamboge, picric acid, the aniline colors, especially magenta, are not to be used for coloring articles of food or drink, such as confectionery, jams, syrups, wines, etc. The same rule applies to the phenol colors. Imported articles containing poisons may not be sold.

Farm and Garden.

POULTRY.—Beware of carbolic acid used on poultry. Unless you are accustomed to using it, you are more apt to kill than cure. Better to keep the chickens healthy by keeping them dry in coops out on clean ground, with good feed and clean water, and kill any sick ones, rather than kill all. Care, caution and common sense will raise more chickens than all other remedies combined.

PRESERVING SHEEP FROM DOGS.—Place on one sheep in every ten of the flock a bell of the usual size for sheep. The instinct of the dog prompts him to do all his acts in a sly, stealthy manner; his attacks upon sheep are most frequently made at night while they are at rest, and the simultaneous jingling of all the bells strikes terror to the dogs; they turn their tails and leave the sheep, fearing the noise of the bells will lead to their exposure. The ratio of bells may be made to vary according to the size of the flock.

THE ORCHARD.—To begin an orchard get the ground ready now. Have it rich and mellow. Plant the trees in October or November, after the leaves fall, and not before. Select few varieties—such as do well in neighboring orchards. Get the trees mainly of a near nursery, or a man you have reason to believe trustworthy. Go select the trees yourself; choosing those with fibrous roots and plenty of them; be sure you know what varieties you want before you leave home. Spread out the roots when transplanting with great care. Set as deep as the trees grew before. Tramp very firmly. Trim the tops as much as the roots were trimmed in taking up. Stake each tree. Make a diagram of the orchard.

ARBORICULTURE.—Arboriculture is carried further in Iowa, probably, than in any other State in the Union. The impetus is doubtless given by the liberality of the State Government, which, under legislative enactment, remits a certain portion of taxes for five years on every acre of fruit, and for ten years on every acre of forest trees planted in the State and kept alive. The result has been that a great change has been wrought in the aspect of the Iowa landscape. Over seventy-five thousand acres of fruit and forest trees have been put out, and the remission of taxes resulting amounts to about $200,000. The acreage of trees is about one half of the per cent. of the farming lands of the State.

KEEP AIR FROM STORED HAY.—If this principle is true—and both science and practice prove its truth—it follows that the larger our mows and the tighter our barns, the more perfectly is our hay preserved. It also follows that in storing hay, the common practice of putting one load in one mow and the next in another, is all wrong. Fill up each mow as rapidly as possible. And if the mows are large, fill each bend separately and tread down the hay as it is stowed away. Not only is heating prevented by this mode of storing hay, but the aroma is preserved. Hay from a large mow has a better flavor than that from a scaffold, and the reason is that a volatile oil is not dissipated by contact with the air.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FIFTY-NINTH YEAR.

TERMS:

$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

Our readers everywhere can aid us by showing THE POST to their friends and asking them to join a club. By doing so you will confer a favor on us and save money for them.

Remit always by Post-office money order, draft on Philadelphia or New York, or send money in a registered letter.

We send paper and premiums postpaid, in every case.

Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
728 Sansom st., Phila.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 4, 1879.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

"THE DOCTOR'S SECRET"—Chapter VII Continued. VIII, IX. X.

"VERA, OR A GUILTLESS CRIME"—Chapters XVIII. XIX. XX. XXI.

Gossip About Fees. The Two Offers. Saved by Love. The Marston Mystery. Jennie's Word. Laura's Fate. Tom's Wife. The Story of Bearskin. Etc., Etc., Etc

Ladies Department—Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat. New Publications. Facetiæ. Brie-a-Brac. Scientific and Useful. Farm and Garden. Femininities. Grains of Gold. Editorials. Sanctum Chat. Poetry. Answers to Inquirers. Items of Interest. Miscellany.

HOME.

A HOME!—it is the bright, blessed, adorable phantom which sits highest on the sunny horizon and girdeth life! When shall it be reached? When shall it cease to be a glittering day-dream, and become fully and fairly yours? It is not the house, though that may have its charms; nor the fields, carefully tilled, and streaked with your own foot-paths; nor the trees, though their shadow be to you like that of a "great rock in a weary land;" nor yet is it the fireside, with its cosy comfort; nor the pictures, which tell of loved ones; nor the cherished books; but, more far than all these, it is the presence! The altar of your confidence is there; the end of your worldly faith is there; and adorning it all and sending your blood in passionate flow, is the ecstasy of the conviction that there, at least, you are beloved; that there you are understood; that there your errors will meet ever with gentlest forgiveness; that there your troubles will be smiled away; that there you may unburthen your soul, fearless of harsh unsympathizing ears; and that there you may be entirely and joyfully—yourself!

THERE are a thousand little courtesies and salutations and compliments of life, but it would be well if there were still more of them. Bluntness does not mean honesty, and a recognition of whatever is good in men does not mean insincerity. It would be promotive of happiness if every time men descended in the morning they would look for that which is comely and praiseworthy, and single it out, and tell it to their wives. Oh, if men would only court after they are married as they do before, what joy there would be! What praise there would be distributed in the community! But the faults of men are generally first thought of, and are condemned. There is a multitude of little, imperfect, irregular things in human conduct; and a man says, "I am not one of those who go around and flatter folks; I tell them what I think of them; if they have faults I hit them strong." But it is not necessary to be hard and repellant, and unsympathetic in order to be honest. There is good as well as evil in men, and it is surely as worthy of recognition.

IN all training of character, continuity and economy must be supreme. The notion that character is spontaneous is held by most people in the earlier portion of their lives, and is wrong. When they discover this, nine tenths change to the other extreme. This is wrong, too. Hosts of young men think that their character will form of itself, and that they will necessarily become better as they grow older. Hosts of old men believe that their character is fixed, and that it is impossible for them to become better. Such beliefs are foolish. People are also wrong in thinking that they can put off their bad traits and put on good traits. The old failures cannot be thus transformed, but out of the old habits new can be formed. This is what many a poor creature wants to know. We must make what we are to be out of what we are already.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THERE are over 16,000,000 acres of land in the State of Kansas now open for pre-emption under the Federal laws, or to purchase from railways and others holding grants of lands. The lands open to purchase are sold at from two to six dollars an acre.

—

THE demolition of old houses and walls along the Tiber in Rome is progressing rapidly by order of the royal engineers engaged in rectifying the bed of the river, but at every step along the shores a photograph is taken so as to preserve views of the picturesque landmarks. Like the Along-Arno of Florence, Rome will soon have her Along-Tiber, with fine palaces.

—

AN instance of heredity in crime is furnished by Elias Phillips of Freetown, Mass., who recently appeared as a witness in a burglary trial, having turned State's evidence. He is a great grandson of Malbone Briggs, a notorious criminal; who was in State prison with seven of his sons at one time. Briggs' ancestry is traced back to a noted pirate in the time of Earl Bellamont, and his branch of the family has for over a century furnished noted criminals in every generation.

—

THE slowness of the Paris street car would make an American mad with impatience. It stops at the barriers to be searched for contraband goods. It takes three men five minutes to change horses, while the driver bosses the job from his elevated perch. Four and five cars will stand in a row, all full outside and in, and one hour must elapse before the last one starts. No crowd, press or hurry seems ever to induce the company to put on extra vehicles or shorten the regular intervals of starting.

—

THE Prince of Wales is said to have some skill in the theatrical art of "making up," which he acquired from the late Mr. Fechter. One day the Prince presented himself before his mother attired as a beggar, his dress tattered, his face dirty, and his hair—or rather wig—in appropriate disorder. The Queen, not doubting that by some means a genuine beggar had got into the palace, flew in great alarm to a bell, but before the attendants could reach the room her son had thrown off his disguise. He was exceedingly proud of the fact that the Queen had not recognized him.

—

THE following extract from a letter written by a young British officer in Zululand to a friend, is published in London: "I flatter myself that I put an end to the career of some promising young Zulus. We expected no quarter, and gave none. When the fighting was over some of our native troops were sent out on the (to them congenial) errand of despatching the wounded, many of whom had crawled away into the long grass, and even into the ant bear holes, but our allies were even with them all round. Perhaps the less said about this part of the affair the better. I am afraid this kind of warfare is rather demoralizing."

—

THE Cologne Cathedral, the corner stone of which was laid in 1248 will be completed in August of next year. It took from 1248 to 1517 to finish the choir, and since that time it has required liberal aid from all the sovereigns of Europe to keep the construction going. The Cathedral is 510 feet long and 230 feet broad, the nave is supported by one hundred columns, the four central of which are no less than 40 feet in circumference; the choir is 160 feet in height, and the two great towers are each 500 feet high. When the Cathedral is completed Gothic architecture will be able to point to an acknowledged masterpiece—the finest in the world.

—

THE tale of distress that daily comes from the once teeming and prosperous "work shop of the world," England, is saddening in its monotony. There is no variation in the oft-repeated story; the clouds grow darker and darker, foreboding the inevitable storm that it seems must come before the manufacturing and commercial atmosphere is purified and brightened. From every section comes the story of further reductions in the hours of labor or in wages, or both; and the end is not yet. Charity alone, and that on the most extended scale ever known, will prevent terrible scenes of starvation, riot and pillage during the coming winter.

—

ACCORDING to official data the total number of the Hebrew race to-day is about what it was in the days of King David—between six and seven millions. There are in Europe about 5,000,000, in Asia about 200,000, in Africa over 80,000, and in America from a million to a million and a half. The present population of Jerusalem is given as 18,500 Jews, 7,000 Mahommedans, and 5,000 Christians. The Jews are classified as German, Spanish or Arabic Jews, and they speak the language of their respective countries. Since one of London's richest Jewish bankers, by virtue of a large loan to the Porte, holds Palestine in lien, the Jewish population has greatly increased by immigration.

—

THE Emperor William of Germany is described as doing a very kindly thing during his stay at Ems. A large party of schoolboys, headed by their master, arrived at Ems to spend a holiday. After exploring the town and drinking the waters, they came trooping along the covered colonnade of the restaurant gardens. The Emperor, walking along in the opposite direction, accosted the foremost boys, saying, "What brought you here, my lads?" "We came to spend a holiday and to see the Emperor," promptly replied their spokesman. "To see the Emperor? Then have a good look at him," rejoined the monarch, turning himself round back and front; "I am the Emperor!" And forthwith he took the delighted boys to a bookstall close by, and presented each of them with a photograph of himself.

—

IT is said there is a curious duel now pending in Boston, which began several years ago. Mr. A., a bachelor, challenged Mr. B., a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal—that he must necessarily put more risk with his life than the other—and he declined. A year afterwards he received another challenge from Mr. A., stating that he, too, had now a wife and child, and he supposed, therefore, the objection of Mr. B. was no longer valid. Mr. B. replied that he now had two children, consequently the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr. A. renewed his challenge, having now two children also, but his adversary had three. The matter, when last heard from, was still going, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed.

—

"SPIRIT photography" is thus explained by a New York photographer: "I take a piece of glass and on it I paste the photographed heads of such 'spirits' as I wish to reproduce in hazy outlines about the head of the sitter. In the centre of the glass I put nothing, but arrange the 'spirits' in a semi circle. Then from this prepared plate I take a negative and afterwards a positive. When a sitter comes for photographs I take a negative just as I would any one's. When the printing is done I place the positive plate of the sitter under the positive plate of the 'spirits,' and allow the sun to print both. The 'spirits' being in a semi-circle the finished photograph appears as if the sitter was surrounded by heads in the air."

—

FRUIT culture is a New England passion. It is not only the professional gardeners who follow it; but, in the towns whoever has a square rod of land stocks it with trees. Dwarf trees are the favorites, but on some old places are standards, planted long ago, and many of them have a pedigree, being raised from fruits or grafts from trees which came over with the early settlers. The ground in front of the house is given to ornamental shrubs and close shaven sod. At the windows of the dining room the dessert looks in upon you with a nod, as much as to say, "come, pick and eat me." And when you wish a pear or an apple, a contrivance is ready, affixed to a pole, which cuts the stem and catches the fruit in a receiver. There is never known there the vandalism of clubbing fruit trees, or shaking them. Fruit must not be wasted; for with good housekeepers it is market currency, and may be exchanged for vegetables.

—

IN the South the number of small cotton factories is increasing rapidly, especially in Georgia and South Carolina. They are mainly run by water power in neighborhoods where there is a small population which would have do other places of employment during certain seasons of the year. It has been found that colored boys and girls are quite dexterous at the spindle, and that where the little mills are located there is much more peace and order than in hamlets where there is no industrial attraction for the idle. The cotton is near at hand, the running power is cheap, the workmen are attracted by the novelty and by the opportunity to labor under sheltering roofs, the warps command a ready market, and the profits, relieved of much of the expense of heavy freight, are far from poor.

—

MANY kinds of wood are used in making bows for archery. The lance and hickory take the lead among the common varieties, and the elegant snakewood, backed with hickory, makes one of the nicest bows that is made. The snakewood takes a beautiful polish, and, owing to its responsive nature, sends its arrow farther and with more certainty than a bow made of any other kind of wood. The nicest bows are planed by the hand, great care being required to make the sides curve exactly alike, as any deviation injures the efficiency of the bow. The ends of the bow are carved out of horn. Ox horns are used. The nicest bows are tipped with buffalo horn. It takes a long course of cutting, planing, gluing, bending, polishing, staining and varnishing to make the bow ready. A piece of cork is shaped and glued to the centre, and covered with plush to make the handle. The power of the bow is measured by the number of pounds it pulls, a spring scale being used for the purpose of showing this. A bow pulling thirty pounds is considered the right thing for a lady, and fifty pounds for a gentleman.

—

FROM the maritime statistics of the Kingdom of Norway, recently published, it appears that in 1878 the mercantile fleet of that country, the second largest in the world, numbered 8,064 vessels, or 1,498,041 tons burden. Of these, 4,777 vessels belonged to the cities and the larger shipping and fishing places, while 3,287 were owned by country districts. The explanation of this phenomenon is that, in Norway, shipbuilding is the most common, if not the only, form of investment. Instead of putting their money in a bank and leaving it to the banks to utilize, the inhabitants of a village or parish or county pool together their savings and build or buy a ship. If situated on a river, the village builds the ships itself and places them under the command of its own sons; if situated farther inland, it sends its shrewdest man with the money in a bag down to the coast to make a bargain. Though there is money enough in Norway, all the Norwegian railways have been built by loans raised in foreign markets, for a Norwegian peasant would consider it beneath his dignity to own railway shares, while he knows that it adds much to his reputation if he owns many shares in ships.

—

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S residence is one of the most quaintly furnished villas in Newport. Several years before Charlotte Cushman's death she purchased a lot of antique furniture, extensively known as the "Jarvis" collection, and had it put into the home she so dearly loved in Rome. Many times she conceived the idea of sending the furniture to America, but her friends always dissuaded her, telling her that it was far too old to stand the jar of traveling. At last she followed her own inclinations, and the old furniture was shipped to America. It had scarcely arrived, however, before her death occurred, and it was not unpacked till she had been many months under the sod. Now the whole collection stands in the house she left by will to her nephew. It is curious enough to fill the heart of the bric-a-brac hunter with envy. The handles to the drawers are old shields and the locks are intricate monograms. In the old desk, hidden compartments are continually being discovered; but it cracks. Let the weather be warm or let it be cold this queer old furniture keeps up the weirdest kind of "bumpings." Sometimes whole panels tumble out, and its owners are terribly afraid they will not be able to keep it many years longer.

BEAUTY.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

Perhaps of light her eyes have less
  Than Cleopatra's share;
In grace of face, some tongues might say
  That Helen was more fair;
But let old books and carven stone—
  If true or false they be—
Proclaim their beauty's matchless store,
  They are not fair to me.

The deftest artist never limned—
  No sculptor's choicest art
E'er traced in marble grace like that
  Which Love draws in the heart.
And lifeless page or block may speak,
  Till all the world agree,
Of Grecian maid and Egypt's queen,
  Yet they're not fair to me.

The speech that points its highest praise
  With lauding their dead charms,
Ne'er knew the worlds that may be won
  In living beauty's arms.
To stone-cold hearts then, these famed fair
  A kindred theme may be,
But while eyes smile and lips are red
  They are not fair to me.

The Two Offers.

BY H. C.

"FLORENCE," said my stately mother, one morning after my sister, who had been out two seasons, had been summoned to the library for an interview with my father, "I have some news for you. Lord Falcone has proposed for your sister."

"What! that icicle?" I exclaimed. "Oh mamma, she will not have him!"

"You talk like a silly child, Florence," said my mother, severely. "I am glad your sister has more sense. It is time you left the school-room; you are seventeen, and had better be presented at the next drawing room; you will then, I hope, lose some of the romantic notions which I have lately heard you express. Lord Falcone is most eligible in every respect, and I beg you will be careful not to say anything to your sister against him."

My angry mother sailed out of the room, leaving me to digest her news and her lecture at my leisure. Now I am bound to admit that both were softened to me by the prospect of emancipation from the school room. Many a brilliant assembly had Blanche been taken to, whilst I was left at home with my governess, who thought it a point of conscience never to let me sit at my ease one moment. I knew she was only doing what she considered her duty; yet it was hard to bear, when my sister, only two years older than myself, would come to me most beautifully dressed, before leaving for the ball or fete, and after she was gone a nameless feeling, which I trust was not envy, would impel me to throw myself back in my chair, and indulge in a vision of the time when I should accompany her,—it was hard to have Miss Rigden say, in an icy tone of reproof, "I must request you, Lady Florence, to sit upright." But once introduced, I should be free from Miss Rigden's control, and able to appreciate her many excellent qualities better than I did then.

The Right Honorable Reginald Eustice Cecil, Earl of Falcone, of Falcone Castle, in the county of Westmoreland and Falcone House in Belgravia, had evidently been nourished upon the family dignity until his bones had become whalebone, while the blue blood in his veins prevented his having the generous emotions of other men. I could not imagine him making love. I really felt quite curious to see how he would set about doing so, though I wished he had not tried the experiment upon my sister.

Blanche was tall and stately, with magnificent black hair and eyes, like her mother's, whilst I was only a degenerate specimen of the race, and only Claude said my eyes were of heaven's own hue, and my hair of living gold. But then Claude was only a younger son, and, as my mother observed, who thought anything of his opinion of young ladies? He was certainly a most desirable friend for my brother Manson, for he was high-minded and honorable; but she hoped she knew her daughters better than to suppose they could prefer him for one moment to his elder brother.

My reverie was interrupted by her entrance, and I glanced anxiously at her, to ascertain how she bore this change in her prospects. She was rather pale, but quite calm, and the expression of her face was inscrutable.

"You have heard the news, I suppose, Florence?" she began.

"Yes, mamma has told me," I replied.

"You do not congratulate me," she said, rather bitterly.

"I am very glad if you are happy," I said earnestly; "but——"

"That will do, Florence," she said. "We must not have any 'buts.' You will like Falcone when you know him better, and papa and mamma are as pleased as possible."

I kissed my sister, and murmured something about trying to like him for her sake.

"There, that will do, Florry," she said. "You are a silly little thing, though my darling sister for all that; but remember, dear, romance will not do out of the school-room in these days, and mamma must not be offended."

I wondered what connection my mother and romance had in her mind. Perhaps they were both right, and I was a silly little thing at that time; for I have found out since what my sister meant.

I was sitting rather disconsolately a few days after, when Manson entered the room, accompanied as usual by Claude. Manson came in search of something which he thought he had laid down; not finding it, he left Claude with me while he went to look up stairs.

"So you are coming out, Florry, I hear," said Claude, as soon as my brother closed the door after him. "I am sorry I am going abroad so shall not witness the sensation your ladyship will make in the great world."

"Are you going away for long, Claude?" I asked.

"Yes, ladybird," he replied, sadly. "I am going with my father, who has been ordered abroad for his health."

I could not speak; a sudden darkness seemed before me, obscuring all the brightness I had pictured in the future.

"Perhaps it is as well, dear Florence," said Claude, bending over me, oh so tenderly! "I could not have borne to see you surrounded by a circle of flatterers, and not have dared to release you, because I was only a younger son. In my folly I have indulged unconsciously in a fairy vision, and have had rather a rude awakening; but, whatever be your lot in life, may God in His mercy grant that you may be happy and blest."

He took my hand for a moment in his, raised it to his lips, and, with a hurried "Good-bye," was gone, passing Miss Rigden at the door as he went out.

I could not have spoken in my usual tone if it had been to save my life, nor just then have borne a lecture; so I sprang up, and escaped through an opposite door, by which I could easily reach the flight of stairs that led to my bedroom. I locked the door, and indulged in the luxury of a good cry; then, fearing Miss Rigden would inform my mother of my extraordinary conduct in escaping from her, I tried to remove the traces of tears, and smoothing my hair, went again down stairs. To my great joy Blanche was with Miss Rigden.

"I had just come in search of you, Florry," she said, good-naturally looking away from my red eyes, "to ask you to ride with me. Papa will accompany us, so let Townshend prepare you at once."

She left upon receiving my ready consent, and I apologised to Miss Rigden for my former rudeness, and requested her to spare me for the ride. She consented, and as soon as we were equipped, the horses were brought round, and a most delightful ride we had.

After this I often puzzled over Claude's saying he had had a rude awakening, but I could not settle to my own satisfaction what he meant by it, for he must have seen that I was ready to promise him anything that he had chosen to ask, and it was he who seemed to think there was some impassable barrier between us.

We went to town, and I was duly presented; and certainly, in the week after that, had more flattering speeches made me, in that delicately subtle way which unconsciously pleases instead of offending, than I had heard in my life before. My mother pleased me most by saying in a tone of unusual gentleness, "My child, I am more than satisfied with your appearance and manners. You want a little of the dignity of your sister Blanche to be quite to my mind; but that will, I hope, come in time."

Blanche was right in thinking I should like Falcome better when I knew him more intimately. He unbent, rather, after his engagement, and seemed as proud of his *fiancee* as of his pedigree. They were married at St. George's, and I was one of the eight bridemaids. Of course, in the newspaper accounts of the wedding, the style and dignity of both bridegroom and bride were duly set forth, nor did they omit to chronicle, that after the ceremony there was a magnificent *dejeuner* at the town residence of the Earl and Countess of Arbury.

Now this breakfast, given by my parents in honor of Blanche's wedding, nearly wrecked my happiness for life, for that stupid Lord Frippington, who had rank and great wealth as a substitute for brains, chose to fancy himself in love with me from that time, and persecuted me with his odious attentions. In vain I snubbed him, he was too obtuse to mind it; and my consternation may be imagined when I found that my mother favored his suit. I knew that whatever she resolved upon she carried; so, however I might writhe upon the hook, it was useless trying to escape.

Lord Frippington proposed to my father in form, and the settlements he mentioned were, as my mother observed, all that could be desired.

I was not summoned, as Blanche had been; my mother came to me herself, and, after stating the honor that had been conferred upon me, announced that she should expect me to accept him.

"But, mamma," said I, "I do not love him."

"Of course not, Florence," she retorted; "you would not be so unmaidenly as to love any man until you were asked to do so."

When my mother said "any man," she looked at me so searchingly that my face became dyed with blushes. Claude had not asked me, yet I loved him! Had I been unmaidenly in doing so?

I was bewildered; I knew not what to do. Oh, how glad I should have been to have been able to consult Blanche or my brother Manson; but the former had been abroad with her husband for some months, and the latter had joined Claude and his father in Egypt.

My mother saw my hesitation, and waited patiently for a few minutes; then, seeing I could not check my tears, she said I might retire to my own apartment for two hours, at the end of which time she should expect me to be more reasonable; but if I continued obstinate, she should command my obedience.

What need to linger over the sorrowful time? My mother conquered, as I feared she would. The preparations for my marriage were hurried on, and I grew more and more miserable. I felt as if turned to stone, and had as much dignity as even my mother could wish.

One day I was left alone at home, and I took myself and my wretchedness into the inner drawing-room. I thought of Claude till my whole composure gave way, and I wept in very pity for myself. Hot blinding tears they were, shutting out sight and sound.

My hands were gently taken, and before I saw by whom, I felt a delicious thrill from head to foot. Only one person in the world could thrill me so; and I was not surprised to see Claude before me; but oh, so different from the handsome Claude I had known from boyhood! His tall figure looked still taller from the deep mourning he wore, and his eyes looked darker than ever in contrast with his pale face. He spoke wonderingly and sadly.

"Florry," he said, "is it thus I see the one I have been informed was the loveliest *debutante* of last season, and the promised bride of an earl holding land in five counties?"

"Do you taunt me, Claude?" I said indignantly.

"No, Florry," he replied, quietly; "only I am not surprised that your lady mother rejected my poor love so decidedly for such a prospect as this."

The truth flashed upon me!—Claude must have told my mother that he loved me when he said he had had a "rude awakening."

"Did you ask mamma for me?" I said, timidly, for I was resolved to know the truth.

"Yes, Florry," he replied. "I loved you when you was a little prattling child, and a schoolboy; and the affection grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, till, in all the world, no woman was so loved as you were. I thought you were not ambitious; so, when your mother rejected me with flattering words, I trusted to you, and said to myself, 'If she loves me, I may win her yet.' When I heard of the sensation you made at your *debut*, I rejoiced, for I knew that my darling was fairest of all; but when the news of your engagement came, it almost maddened me, and, in my anguish, I swore to see you once more; then, if you were happy, leave you for ever."

"Claude," I said, almost as passionately as he had spoken, "I declare to you that no power on earth should have induced me to yield to mamma if I had had the faintest idea that you had proposed for me. I have been so ashamed of loving you unasked."

The instant the last words were uttered in my eagerness, I repented saying them, for Claude was so overjoyed by the admission, that I felt that the inevitable parting would be more agonising for both.

"What have I done?" I moaned. "What have I done?"

"I will tell you, Florry," he said so solemnly, so tenderly. "You have removed the only barrier that was between us. We are one in heart, and you would perjure yourself by swearing at the altar to love another man."

"Love him!" I exclaimed. "I cannot endure him."

"Then you must let me speak to your parents," he said, firmly. "Believe me, my darling, the first wrong will be the least."

Oh, how gladly I gave the permission! I had such confidence in Claude, that I felt less fear of my mother now he was near.

"You are in mourning, Claude?" I said, inquiringly.

"Yes, love, I have had a very great sorrow," he replied.

"Not your father?" I said, fearfully.

"No, ladybird," he said. "My father is better, thank God! But poor Staffington was taken ill with fever at Alexandria, and to our great grief we lost him after only a few days' illness. Poor fellow! he had always been delicate; but I trusted have been spared to us. You cannot think, Florry, how dreadful it was to me to be compelled to take his title. The first time I was addressed as Lord Staffington, instead of Mr. Cavenham, I looked round involuntarily for my brother; then, as the memory of my loss rushed upon me, I could have knocked the fellow down."

"How very sad to lose your brother so!" I said. "Was it not a heavy blow for your father?"

"Almost more than his feeble health could bear," replied Claude. "I do not know what we should have done without Manson. He was goodness itself. But how is it he has not told you these particulars?"

"Are you talking of me, my dear fellow?" asked my brother, who caught the last words as he entered the room. "I did not tell Florence, because my lady mother requested me not to name you to her. I see that you have spared me the trouble," he continued, laughing. "Have you thought of the awful maternal thunder you will draw down upon your devoted heads? I really pity you, my dear young people."

"Then help us, my friend," said Claude, gaily. "We do not pity ourselves now, do we, Florry?"

"Don't crow till you are out of the wood," interposed Manson, before I could reply. "If I am to help you, I strongly recommend you both to wait until Blanche returns, which will be in a few days now; then Florry will go to her, while we open fire upon my mother."

"I shall be thankful to have Florry away," said Claude, hesitatingly; "but in the meantime will she be annoyed with Lord Frippington's attentions?"

"No!" said I, eagerly; "for he is gone to his favorite Baden-Baden."

"That corresponds exactly with what I was told last night—that he gambled frightfully!" exclaimed Manson. "I also heard a few other little facts about him that I shall reserve for my mother's ear when we make our grand *coup*, Staffington; and I flatter myself the information will contribute to our success."

Dear, generous Manson, to speak of it as "our success!"

Blanche came home in a week's time, and how warmly I welcomed her! I told her at once of my misery, and my new hope of deliverance. She did not discourage me, though she thought our scheme a daring one, she said she had had a bright day-dream, but she had given it up to please her mother, though it had cost her such anguish as would have killed me; and now she prayed every night and morning that she might be a good wife to Falcone, and was determined to be so, yet she trusted, when I married, that she might see me yielding the sweet obedience of love. In the meantime, Manson had been busy inquiring among his friends about Frippington's usual habits.

"Cheer up, little sister," he said to me one day. "For your sake I have become an amateur detective and have established a private inquiry office on my own account; the result of which will, I have no doubt, free you from the lover you detest, and give you the one you love."

Blanche fulfilled her part exceedingly well. She came to beg me of my mother for a few days, and carried me off to her town residence, where I waited in uncontrollable anxiety for news of the success or failure of Staffington and Manson.

My mother gave me an account of the interview, which had evidently been a stormy one. My mother received them in her boudoir, and listened coldly to Staffington's pleadings, saying, in reply, that an engagement once entered into was not to be broken because an inexperienced girl did not know her own mind, and a young man chose to take advantage of it. She quietly avowed that she considered it her bounden duty as a mother to look after the interests of her children, and it was in fulfilment of that duty that she had declined the honor of Claude's alliance when he was only Mr. Cavenham. Of course, had he then been Lord Staffington and presumptive heir to the earldom, it would have been different; but having once accepted Lord Frippington, she should not consent to her daughter's breaking the engagement unless there were grave reasons for doing so.

"Granting all you say, Lady Arbury," said Claude; "if we can prove Frippington a *roue* and a gambler, you would think those sufficient reasons for breaking the engagement?"

"Certainly, my lord," she replied. "But I should hesitate to accept evidence of such vices from one so avowedly interested as yourself. I must have other proof."

"With which I can furnish you, mother," interposed Manson, proceeding to give her details.

A warm discussion ensued, but they saw that my mother was wavering, and how very much shocked she was.

"Some one must go to Baden-Baden," said my mother, "and verify these statements."

"I will go, mother," said Manson. "I was going to propose doing so."

"No, Manson, I cannot consent to such a proceeding," she said. "Your father is the proper person to undertake that duty. He has only refrained from interfering, because it was a distinct understanding between us that he should have the care of our sons when they left the nursery, and I of our daughters. We have both been grieved to see Florence so unhappy, but I firmly believed I had acted for her true interest. I was not altogether unprepared for this morning, for I had noticed a startling change in her for a week past. I do not object to your going to Baden Baden because I doubt your prudence, Manson, but whoever goes must convict him to his face; and with a young man, that would inevitably lead to a hostile meeting; but as outraged parent would have a right to speak." My mother then offered her hand to Claude, and said, "I trust to your honor, Lord Staffington, not to attempt to hold any communication, verbal or otherwise, with Lady Florence till this unhappy business is cleared up. If it ends as you suppose, I myself will lead you to her, and will bless you for rescuing my daughter from a fate that would be worse than death. If Lord Frippington's character is cleared, the marriage must of course go on, and you withdraw all claim."

When the interview with my mother was ended, Claude left the house after giving the required promise not to see or write to me, and Manson went at once to my father, my mother accompanying him. They detailed to him all that was necessary for him to know, and he gave his opinion in a few words.

"I agree," said he "with your mother that such grave charges ought to be investigated, and that I am the proper person to go. I shall only take Glennan to attend upon me; he is faithful and shrewd; and I shall travel as Baron Mildale, which, being my second title, is comparatively unknown."

"But remember, Manson," interposed my mother, "not to raise hopes in your sister that may prove fallacious. You will doubtless go to Falcone House to inform her of the step about to be taken, but entreat her from me not to prejudge the case. Tell Blanche I depend upon her to give Florence judicious counsel."

Manson did come to us, as my mother expected, but I found it impossible to prevent hope rising in my heart. Blanche did not trouble me with much "judicious counsel;" she was only a little kinder and more affectionate than usual. Falcone, too, was very considerate; yet I found the suspense hard to bear, and thought of Claude and what he was enduring, till I yearned to speak to him.

There was not much time for lonely brooding over sorrow, for we were in the busy whirl of a London season. I only saw Claude once, in riding down Rotten Row; and then he did not attempt to speak—he only raised his hat and bowed low. A mist came before my eyes; but the park was crowded, and I had learned the difficult art of self control, so returned his salutation with tolerable composure.

That evening Manson came to dinner, and brought with him a letter from my father, saying that he had heard much about Frippington, but, at the time of writing, had witnessed nothing as he had left Baden-Baden, and had gone to Homburg, but was expected back that day. "Tell Florry," he added, "with my love, to keep up her spirits; for if only a tithe is true that I hear about Frippington, I would sooner see her in her grave than become a wife of his."

After dinner we were going to a ball, where we were to meet my mother. Manson was to return to accompany her, but before leaving to do so, he contrived, while fastening a bracelet for me, to tell me he had seen Claude, and heard of the rencontre in the park.

"He tells me, Florry," continued Manson, "that he was strongly tempted to forget his promise to our mother, and earnestly wished he had never made it; but, as his word once given was of course sacred, he left the park and went for a long ride elsewhere to restore his composure."

"He looked so pale, Manson!" I said, sorrowfully.

"Of course, my dear sister," said Manson. "In vulgar parlance, you are both on the tenter hooks; and he from his stronger nature, does not bear being so as well as your ladyship."

He turned away as he spoke, for the carriages were announced, and we were soon on our way to an abode where splendor was enhanced by the most exquisite taste, which, combined with true hospitality, made the position of guest of itself an enjoyment.

I had been dancing, and had requested my partner to take me to a seat near my mother. She spoke a few words to me about the gay scene, called my attention to the tasteful grouping of some hothouse plants in full flower, then resumed her interrupted conversation with one of her numerous friends. Manson joined me immediately. After some conversation the notes of a quadrille struck up and we took the floor. The Count de Brieune and I were *vis-a-vis* to Manson and Lady Maud Estelle. We were well acquainted with each other, and the inspiriting music made us seem to float in a fairy atmosphere where sorrow could not enter. We were all standing together in the large conservatory, having some refreshment after the dance, when one of the servants came up to Manson.

"Can I speak with you, my lord?" he said, hurriedly.

Apologizing for leaving us, Manson went aside with the man, whilst my busy fancy conjured up a thousand fears. Was papa ill? Had he met with an accident? Surely there was nothing the matter with Claude? The minutes seemed hours till Manson returned. He was grave and pale.

"I have been to ask Falcone to persuade my mother to return to Falcone House with you Florence," he said. "If she declines, you had better go home with her, for Staffington has sent to beg me to come at once. His father is much worse, and has asked for me."

With a hurried apology to Lady Maud, Manson left, and for a moment a deadly faintness came over me, as the conviction that I had been dancing while Claude was in such sorrow made me almost hate myself. Fortunately Blanche saw me turn pale, and hastened to me, while Brienne fetched some iced water, and Lady Maud fanned me gently.

I soon recovered, and Blanche established me in a recess which the flowering plants made comparatively secluded, and left me in Lady Maud's care, while the count escorted her to mamma. In a few minutes Blanche returned, and my mother came with her.

"Blanche tells me that you have been a little faint, Florence," my mother said, "so I will take you home at once. Thank you, Lady Maud, for your kind attention to my child," she continued. "I will take charge of her now, but I hope you will come and see me to-morrow. I shall be delighted to see your friendship for each other increase."

Maud perfectly understood this to mean that my mother had noticed Manson's increasing devotion, and was well pleased to see it. I forgot my troubles in my anxiety to know if my kind brother's love would be happy or otherwise, and was well pleased to see the modest pleasure in the fair young face. She accepted the invitation to come and see me, and then left us together, the count taking her to her mother.

"I cannot persuade mamma to return with us, Florry," said Blanche; "so we must lose you too."

"I told your sister, my dear Florence, that your papa may return at any time; so that I should not like to leave home," said my mother; "but that need not prevent your remaining with her, if you wish to do so."

I thanked my mother and my sister, and said I should prefer returning home.

While Falcone was escorting my mother to take leave of our kind entertainers, Blanche said, "I think you are quite wise to return home, Florry. I should not like mamma to be left alone, and you will then have the earliest report from Manson, and see papa directly he comes."

"I have been thinking the same, Blanche," said I; "but do come to me in the morning."

"I intend doing so," she replied; "but do not expect me early. I shall not leave here for the next two hours, unless Falcone particularly wishes to do so. This is the best ball of the season."

On our way home my mother was very kind; and when I expressed my regret at bringing her home so early, she said that she knew I had been tired a little too much, but she trusted that all would be overruled for my good.

While we were at breakfast next morning Manson returned, and said the earl had rallied again, which Staffington was thankful for. I longed to ask how Claude was, and what the earl wanted to see Manson for, but I had no chance, for after breakfast he was closeted for some time with my mother, and then went out again at once.

I took a little sketch I was making of a group of flowers, to finish as I sat with my mother. But I was very idle, for my thoughts were so busy, that unconsciously the brush would remain idle in my hand until something startled me when I would go on busily for a time. We had several callers besides Blanche and Maud, yet I thought the time went slowly. We were sitting so quietly towards evening, when suddenly there was a loud ring at the bell. My father had arrived, and I should soon know my fate.

I tried to rise to meet my father at the door, but I trembled so violently that I was obliged to sit down again. What would be his decision? My suspense was frightful but I murmured a prayer for help to One who is never sought in vain, or I could not have borne it.

There was a hurried conference with my mother, then my father came towards me, and I was in his arms in an instant—not weeping. I was too much wrought up for tears. I heard the blessed words, "You are free, my child! Frippington will annoy you no more."

I knew nothing else, until I found myself upon a couch, my father chafing my hands, and my mother sprinkled me with some eau de Cologne, while the tears were falling fast from her eyes. I had never seen her so much affected, and the surprise helped to restore me. She gave me one of the warmest kisses she had ever bestowed upon me.

"My child," she said, in a voice broken by emotion, "God has mercifully spared me from the commission of a great crime, and if I have not destroyed the happiness of your future years, it will be His great mercy, and not my desert."

I looked wonderingly at her. Now I was free to love Claude, the misery of the past would but enhance our happiness; it could not decrease it.

Thus in my blindness I argued, and was comforted. I cared not to hear about Frippington; it was enough that my father said that the tale of his misdoings was not fit for the ears of a young maiden; but after a time I grew strangely restless to see or hear of Claude, and yearned for Manson to come in.

My mother was so gentle and kind; I sat on the couch in her boudoir, and she gave me some of her favorite books to read; but there was a nameless something in her manner which made me thankful I had seen my father, Manson, and Blanche, or I should have feared one of them was ill. To increase my mystification, a servant came, and said, "Lord Manson is come in, and wishes to speak to your ladyship. He is in the library with my lord."

My mother went immediately, and I thought it very unkind of Manson not to come at once to me. He must have been well aware of my anxiety. When my mother returned she was followed by a servant bringing a tray of refreshments, of which she insisted on my partaking. I did not want to eat, but my mother was firm, and made me drink some wine also, and then lie down quietly again. I longed to ask for Manson, but I could not frame the words, and whilst I was trying to screw up my courage, my mother touched a bell, and Townshend appeared with my walking attire.

The evening had closed in, but my mother whispered to me not to ask questions; so I submitted quietly. She was also prepared for going out, and I found that my father and Manson were to accompany us. Manson threw his arms around me as soon as we were in the carriage, and my father took my hand.

"Now, Florry, we want you to be very brave," said Manson. "Claude has not been well, and we are taking you to him; so for his sake you must be calm."

It was enough that I was to see Claude. I could bear anything for his sake. I looked up with some of my old resolution, and my parents smiled approvingly. — "Do tell me all about it, Manson?" I entreated.

"I did tell you," he replied. "You may remember that Staffington did not bear the suspense as well as you did. I think the great anxiety about his father and brother had been a great strain upon him; but, be that as it may, he overheated himself in that long ride after your meeting in the park, and has narrowly escaped brain fever. It was the fear of losing him that has caused his father's relapse, but the doctors say that both will be in a fair way for recovery if their minds can be set at rest."

"Knowing that, my child," said my father, "and as, upon my personally informing them of the result of my mission, both entreated to see you, I directed your brother to communicate with the doctors, and it is by their advice that we are taking you to them."

"But remember," said my mother, "it will be absolutely necessary for you to be calm. The success or failure of our mission depends upon you."

"I will do my best, mamma," I said, earnestly; and Manson drew me closer to him, whilst I prayed silently for help in this my time of sore need.

We were evidently expected, for the door opened noiselessly as soon as the carriage drew up, and we were at once ushered into a drawing room, where Claude's aunt received us and Manson went to inform the earl of our arrival whilst we were having our wraps removed. We were then ushered upstairs into the presence of the earl, but he only detained me to receive his blessing; my mother led me herself into an inner room, where Claude lay in an arm chair supported by pillows. He held out his hand, and my mother placed mine in it.

"I have brought her to you," said she, softly; "but you must not excite yourself, or we shall repent yielding to your wish."

Claude thanked her more by his eyes than in words; then she left us together. Oh how fearfully ill he looked! I struggled to be calm for his sake, but the tears were in both our eyes as he feebly threw his arms round me, and drew me towards him.

"My little ladybird, my own at last," he murmured. "Thank God for this His greatest mercy!"

We were silent a long time. I could not have answered for my composure if I had attempted to speak, but we were both too happy to need words. At length there was a faint sound from the inner room, which we knew was the signal for our parting, and directly after there was the rustle of my mother's dress, so I knew she was coming for me.

"You will let her come again, dear Lady Arbury?" said Claude, with pleading eyes.

"I think not," she replied. "You look so much better for our visit that I hope you will soon be able to come to us. It will be an inducement for you to get well, to know that we shall be thinking the days long until we see you in Charles Street."

My mother then wished him good-evening, and went into the other room. I followed her after Claude had once more kissed me. "Please God," said he, as he did so, "I will come to you before very long."

Manson remained with the earl and Claude for the night; but he came out and placed me comfortably in the carriage.

"I must be very careful of you for Staffington's sake, and will take care of him for yours, sweet sister mine," he said, with a laugh.

My father placed my mother in the carriage, and we returned home; but how much happier I felt than I had for a long time! With the sanguine nature of youth, I thought all must go well, now I was released from Frippington, and betrothed to Claude.

When I came down to breakfast the following morning, Manson was there, and gave me a sweet bouquet, and a tiny note written in pencil, from Claude. He said that both he and the earl had passed a good night, and were decidedly better.

I ate my breakfast with a relish, and afterwards Manson took me for a long ride, which my beautiful Gazelle seemed to enjoy as much as I did arching her glossy neck, and stepping along as if proud of the companionship of Manson's bay.

"I have promised Staffington to ride out with you, and pay your ladyship every attention, until he can take the duty upon himself," said Manson.

"Much obliged to you both," I said, gaily. "If my eyes were the color of Spring violets, perhaps the duty would be easier for your lordship."

"Do you like Maud?" he asked, earnestly.

"Yes, very much indeed, Manson," I replied. "I intend to cultivate her acquaintance. I was very faint after you left us the other evening, and she was so kind. Mamma invited her to come and see me, and she did so yesterday, but I was too unhappy to be good company, so I shall return her call to-day."

"Thank you, Florence," said Manson. "I have done my best for you; so now you can return the compliment. I want you to know her well, then, when you are married, you can ask her to be bridesmaid."

What a glow these words sent to my heart! It would be a different matter preparing for my wedding with Claude, to what it had been with Frippington. Then I left all to my mother, and took no interest in anything, beyond a dreary shudder as each addition to my trousseau seemed but to rivet my chain; but now I knew Claude's taste so well, that I must be careful in the selection of my new dresses and ornaments, to chose such as would please him best. It would indeed be a pleasant task.

"Have I sent you into a reverie, Florry?" said Manson. "You look so happy."

I started violently, but joined in the laugh at myself.

In a week Claude came to spend a long day with us. He was still an invalid, and soon after the doctor ordered him to Italy, and he and his father pleaded that he should not go alone; so we went to our favorite country home, and had a quiet wedding in the dear old church where I was baptised and confirmed.

Lady Maud was my bridesmaid, or rather, I should say, my principal one, she has been Lady Manson for some time now, and there is a little shy Miss Maudie with violet eyes like her mother's.

I am now a matron of five years' standing, and Claude is as happy and handsome as he used to be before the "rude awakening." He and my mother are excellent friends; and when we talk over our sorrowful time together—as we sometimes do—we neither of us blame her, for we know she believed she was only doing her duty.

Blanche and Falcone are not so brilliantly happy as we are, but they are up to the average of married couples, and we hope their two children will unite them still more. We, too, have little people in our home to gladden and brighten it, and our two little bonnie boys are the joy of their grandfathers' hearts. Time has proven I can never be thankful enough that I was allowed to marry the one I loved, though at one time, in my mother views, the least eligible of my Two Offers.

Colonel Fred Grant, who arrived at Council Bluffs on Saturday, from San Francisco, says his father will come East about the last of October or the first of November.

WHETHER OR NO.

BY A. C.

Now tell me all my fate, Jenny,—
Why need I plainer speak?
For you see my foolish heart has bled
Its secret in my cheek!

You must not leave me thus, Jenny—
You will not, when you know,
It is my life you're treading on
At every step you go.

Ah, should you smile as now, Jenny,
When the wintry weather blows,
The daisy, waking out of sleep,
Would come up through the snows.

Shall our house be on the hill, Jenny,
Where the sumac hedges grow?
You must kiss me, darling, if it's yes,
And kiss me if it's no!

It shall be very fine—the door
With bean-vines overrun,
And the window toward the harvest-field
Where first our love begun.

What marvel that I could not mow
When you came to rake the hay,
For I can speak your name, Jenny,
If I've nothing else to say.

For is it strange that when I saw
Your sweet face in a frown,
I hung my scythe in the apple-tree,
And thought the sun went down.

For when you sung the tune that ends
With such a golden ring,
The lark was made ashamed, and sat
With her head beneath her wing.

You need not try to speak, Jenny,
You blush and tremble so,
But kiss me, darling, if it's yes,
And kiss me if it's no!

The Marston Mystery.

BY N. S.

THE mysterious murder of Sir James Marston, of Marston Hall, Yorkshire, England, in 1810 is among the noteworthy events in the chronicles of crime Sir James was the last of a long line, and was a bachelor of fifty. He had lived a gay and dissipated life, and had squandered his large revenues on pleasures of the most sensual kind. The baronetcy would be extinct with him, but the estates would pass to a second cousin, a young lady of twenty-two bearing the name of Augusta Marston.

Sir Thomas spent the most of his time in London and Paris, but every Summer he visited the Hall and brought a few intimate friends with him. In August, 1810, he followed his usual custom, and was accompanied by Mr. John Agnew, Mr. Geo Settle, Mr. Christopher Ainslie and Mr. James Herbert. They reached the Hall on the 12 h of the month, and passed their time in fishing, riding, rackets and boating. Every evening they sat down to dinner together, and generally drank very freely, going to bed late and rising late next morning.

On the morning of August 17 all were up and assembled in the breakfast room, awaiting Sir James. It was 10 o'clock, and still he failed to appear. One of them, Mr. Ainslie, sauntered out into the garden and passed around the left wing of the building where the study was situated. He returned shortly, and said that Sir James was seated in the library near the window.

"This is too bad," said Mr Agnew, who was on very intimate terms with Sir James; "let us go and rouse him up. He must be ignorant of the time of day."

Mr. Agnew and the others crossed the hall and went towards the study. On opening the door, they saw a screen intervened between them and Sir James. They entered in a body and saw the Baronet seated in his chair near the window. His head lay back, his hands drooped, and his jaw had fallen. He was dead.

Blood still oozed from a wound in the region of the heart. The vest, shirt and pantaloons were saturated, and the floor was soaked with blood. As a matter of course, the proper authorities were informed of the dreadful crime which had clearly been perpetrated. An investigation followed, which resulted in what is given below. The guests of the dead Baronet testified to their being with him on the previous evening until past midnight.

Mr. Agnew swore that at fifteen minutes past twelve he left Sir James in the middle of the dining room with the other gentlemen. Mr. Settle swore that he parted with Sir James at the table in the hall, when he took his night candle and that Mr. Ainslie and Mr Herbert were with him. Mr. Herbert testified that he bade Sir James good night at the foot of the stairs, and left Mr. Ainslie with him. Mr. Ainslie swore that he quitted Sir James at the same place a few moments afterward, just as the porter extinguished the light in the hallway. Sir James turned toward the study.

Thomas Godley, the porter swore that he saw Sir James and Mr. Ainslie standing together at the foot of the stairs, and that Sir James said "Thomas, see that you put out all the lights and close the windows securely."

Godley further swore that he went into the dining room to close the windows, and left Sir James and Mr. Ainslie speaking together, and that after he had closed the windows he returned to the hall and that both gentlemen had gone. There was a light, however, in Sir James' study, and Godley went and looked in at the half open door. He saw Sir James bring out his tin cash box from an oaken chest which stood near the window, and wondering what he could be going to do, had the curiosity to watch. Sir James counted out a number of bank notes and said to Mr. Ainslie as he handed them to him:

"There is a thousand pounds and you can give me your I. O. U. for it."

Then Sir James put back a quantity of bank notes into the tin box and returned it to the oaken chest. Godley quitted the spot and went about his business. In the housekeeper's room he remarked to Mrs. Brune, the housekeeper, that Mr. Ainslie had borrowed money from Sir James.

William Carr, Sir James' valet, testified that he went into his master's bed-room and prepared it for him as usual. He had directions not to stay around the apartment after midnight if his master did not go to bed by that time. On that evening, however, he remained later, reading a newspaper which lay on the dressing table. Hearing a step, he looked at the timepiece and saw it was nearly half past twelve. He thought the step was Sir James', but as it passed he went to the corridor and saw Mr. Ainslie going down stairs with an umbrella in his hand.

Strange things happened in the Hall at all hours, and Carr thought there was nothing remarkable in the guest going down stairs with an umbrella at midnight.

Mr Ainslie denied without hesitancy that he went to Sir James' study or borrowed money from him, but admitted that he went down stairs with the umbrella. He explained this by saying that the day before he had carried an umbrella from the stand at the entrance hallway, thinking it was his, and that, on going to bed and finding it was not, he immediately returned it, lest it should be needed by the owner in the early morning. Mr. Ainslie said that, so far from requiring to borrow money from Sir James or any one else, he had with him a large sum, more than amply sufficient to meet all his necessities.

Godley persisted in his story, but a search of the oaken trunk failed to disclose any tin box whatever. Godley's statement was so remarkable that suspicion rested upon him, and a search was made of the room where he slept and the various parts of the premises to which he had access. In the cushion of the big chair near the main entrance, which it was customary for the porter to occupy when Sir James was at the Hall was found a tin box such as that described by Godley. It was empty. Godley was arrested and accused of the murder and robbery of Sir James. This was the theory: He had followed him into the study, and, hidden by the screen, had watched the Baronet counting his money. Providing himself with a weapon, in a moment the greedy wretch had pounced upon his master and inflicted a deadly wound. Then he had stolen the money, box and all.

What he had done with the money could not be ascertained, as all search after that proved in vain. The feeling was that Godley had invented the story respecting Mr. Ainslie and the borrowed money.

The coronor's jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Godley, and he was removed to York Castle. He was indicted for the murder of Sir James Marston, and duly tried at the Assizes following. All the facts here narrated were brought out by the prosecution. Mr. Ainslie swore solemnly that he never accompanied Sir James to the study that night, but bade him good night at the foot of the grand staircase. He explained the fact of his being seen on the stairs with an umbrella as he explained before. In cross examination, when asked whether he knew his father and mother, he admitted that he did not. But it was proved that he was Sir James' natural son. At this point Counsel drew forth a green silk umbrella from beneath the table, and held it up. He fixed his eyes steadily on Mr Ainslie. Every countenance in the court room was fixed on the witness.

"You have seen that umbrella before, Mr Ainslie?" counsel asked.

"Yes, I have seen it before," Mr. Ainslie replied.

"Is that the umbrella you were seen with on the night of the murder of Sir James Marston?" counsel asked in a deliberate and solemn tone.

"That is the umbrella which I took by mistake and returned to its place in the rack in the entrance hall on the night in question," was the answer.

"You have had it in your hands before—did you ever open it?"

"I am not aware that I ever did," Mr. Ainslie replied.

"Open it now, sir," said counsel.

Mr. Ainslie's lips were becoming parched and his face flushed. His hands trembled so that he could scarcely hold the umbrella, much less open it. After fumbling about it for some seconds counsel said, in a most significant way,

"Mr. Ainslie, you have either never opened that umbrella before, or you have opened it once too often!"

As may be expected this line of cross-examination greatly astonished the court and all present. The last remark of counsel created a profound sensation, although no one outside the defense knew what it was aimed at.

The prosecution put several other witnesses on the stand, and the defense brought out from them very closely the fact that, although a most careful and diligent search had been made in every direction, no weapon with which the fatal wound in Sir James' breast could have been inflicted had been found. This search had been extended all through the dwelling and around the adjacent grounds.

The defense was begun. Godley's character was shown to be excellent. After the taking of some further testimony, the doctor who had made the post mortem examination of the remains of the murdered baronet was called to the stand. He described the nature of the wound and the kind of weapon which must have done it.

"Doctor," said the counsel, handing the witness the umbrella, "take that umbrella. I believe you have seen that umbrella before also?"

"I have sir," the doctor replied.

"Then, perhaps doctor, you may know how to open it. Let the court and jury see you do it, then."

The doctor deliberately opened it the same as he would any other umbrella.

He laid hold of the handle about half way down with his left hand and at the top with his right. There was slight jarring sound and the next instant the right hand of the doctor ascended, grasping a glittering stiletto a foot long.

The sound that arose from the spectators was almost a cry. Counsel for the defense pointed to it with his right forefinger, and looked from Judge to jury. Then he slowly turned his eye and fixed it on Mr. Ainslie.

After a solemn pause of some seconds counsel said:

"Could such an instrument as that have inflicted the wound which caused the death of Sir James Marston?" counsel asked.

"The wound was made with precisely such a weapon as this," the doctor answered.

Mr. Agnew, Mr. Herbert and Mr. Settle were examined as to the fact that Mr. Ainslie walked out of the house on the morning after the murder, and was the first to announce that Sir James was sitting in his study near the window. Then it was suddenly discovered that it had not been shown who owned the umbrella, and witnesses were examined who proved that it was without an owner, and had apparently been left there by mistake or through forgetfulness.

After a long and careful summing up on both sides, and a charge to the jury which was decidedly favorable to the prisoner, the jury retired. In half an hour they brought in a verdict of not guilty, and Godley was discharged. Almost immediately after Mr. Ainslie was arrested on a bench warrant and lodged in jail. He in turn was indicted and was brought to trial. He maintained his innocence stoutly, and showed that he had everything to gain by the Baronet's living as long as possible, and to lose by death. The facts, however, were very strong against him, and he was convicted. Within a few hours of his execution he made a statement which was remarkable. He confessed that he intended on the night in question to murder his father and take a large sum of money which he knew was contained in the cash box. The umbrella he had himself brought from Paris two months before, but he had not kept in his room. After he quitted the study with the money which Sir James had just given him he remembered the umbrella, and took it from the stand, instantly forming the idea of killing Sir James. The movement of Godley however in the lower part of the house startled him, and he ran up stairs. Later on when he thought all was quiet he descended and went into the study. On going in he saw a man hiding behind the screen and apparently watching Sir James, who was busy at his desk. Mr. Ainslie was greatly alarmed and returned to the hall. Fearful of being caught, he placed the umbrella in the stand and went up stairs. Next morning when Sir James failed to appear, Mr Ainslie went round toward the windows to the study, because the thought struck him that Sir James might have been murdered. Mr Ainslie swore positively that to the best of his knowledge the man who had hidden behind the screen was Godley.

This remarkable story was not credited and Mr Ainslie was hanged at York Castle.

Godley in the meantime had disappeared suddenly and mysteriously, and the Hall had gone into possession of Miss Augusta Marston. She was shortly to be married and the dwelling was undergoing a thorough repair. Among other things a wing known as bachelor's quarter was to be torn down. It had not been used for many years, and was dilapidated. On removing the wall the skeleton of a man was discovered sticking in the chimney. He had evidently been ascending and stepped on a loose flag, which fell and closed up the opening below him. The chimney above was too small to admit of his ascending to the top. Thus he had perished. The clothes that lay around were almost entire, and were identified as those worn by Godley when he disappeared. On a ledge in the chimney just above where the skeleton was discovered was a paper parcel. It contained bank notes to a large amount, and an I. O. U. for £1 000, signed by Christopher Ainslie and addressed to Sir James Marston. It bore date August 17, 1810, the 17 written over the figures 16.

Thus was this very extraordinary mystery satisfactorily cleared up. Mr. Ainslie's story was undoubtedly true, and Godley was the real perpetrator of the crime. It is clear that after Ainslie returned the umbrella to the stand, Godley, who without doubt knew it bore a concealed weapon, used it to do the fatal deed.

PERUVIAN FUNERAL CEREMONIES.—A correspondent writes: Strolling along the street last night with a friend, our attention was attracted to a large door of one of the humbler dwellings, thrown wide open, and showing the front room of the house to be occupied by twenty-five or thirty men and women sitting along the sides of the room, while at its farther end, facing the door, was what appeared to be a rude altar, consisting of a covered table, crucifix, candles, pictures of the Holy Family, and gilt paper cuttings, above which was an open coffin, standing on end, containing the corpse of a child a year or two old, dressed in the habiliments of death. A bandage around its body prevented it from falling forward; its hands were crossed on its breast; and a wreath of flowers was on its head, bright, and beautiful, in mockery of the half-opened dimmed eyes, sunken cheeks, and marble hue of the coldness of mortality below, contrasted with them. We stood looking on a strange national custom—a mark of respect here, not an act of rudeness as it would have been considered in some other countries; and, shortly after, in token of the inmates' appreciation of our kindly interest in the early fate of the little innocent thus publicly exhibited, a bottle of wine and a cordial glass were handed out to us, that we might join the friends in honoring the memory of the departed. We moved our hats and touched the glass with our lips. In the meantime, a guitar was tuned by one of the men, who then passed it to a woman of olive complexion and long raven hair hanging dishevelled over well turned shoulders, whom we presumed to be the mother of the deceased child; and who, after striking a few plaintive notes, glided into a monotonous air, two of the company rising simultaneously and dancing, in the manner of the country, the Zama Cueca. The musician also, gave vent to her feelings in a recitative lament, plaintively sung, touchingly describing the interesting traits of the lost one, the failure of the efforts to save its sweet life, and the resignation of its friends in view of its happier destiny. When the dance ceased, the wine was passed round, all the company partaking, and again we were invited to join them. After this, the dance was resumed by other couples, to the same monotonous note and sad song, while other guests, of both sexes, smoked cigarettes, conversed freely, and some of them mirthfully. The next night we witnessed the funeral of the deceased. This consisted of a procession of the friends walking in double file after the pall-bearers, each person carrying a lantern; in this latter particular the ceremony resembling the ancient rope torchlight procession which gave origin to the term funeral.

GRAINER AGRICULTURE.—In most of the little fields the soil was being turned up for the reception of seed by a method quite novel to me, a laborious, but a most thorough one. The implement was a two-pronged steel fork. The prongs were over two feet long and six inches apart, and joined together with a square shoulder, from which a straight wooden handle three feet in length extended. These tools weighed altogether from ten to fifteen pounds, and were strongly made. The operation is as follows: The diggers, generally five in number, stand in a row close together, working backward. Simultaneously they raise their forks perpendicularly up, as high as possible, and then bring them down with all their force, driving the sharp prongs eighteen inches more or less into the hard ground; then, taking hold of the extremities of the handles with their two hands, to get the utmost leverage, they throw themselves backward, each prising up a huge chunk of soil. Two other laborers follow in front, and, armed with heavy hoes, break all extra large chunks to pieces with smart blows. Seven men so working get over the ground astonishingly quick, and turn it up in a most effective manner. A heavy wooden barrow, of primitive construction drawn by a yoke of oxen, finishes the preparation of the soil.

Charles Dickens, son of the great novelist, manages one of the largest printing offices in London perhaps in the world. He has very successfully published the "London Dictionary" and the "Guide to London," and is now preparing a "Dictionary of the Thames." He inherits his father's early love for printing offices and newspapers.

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa is a general favorite. Medical men recommend it as preferable to tea or coffee for invalids or delicate constitutions. Sold by leading grocers everywhere.

Our Young Folks.

THE STORY OF BEARSKIN.

BY W. H. C.

THERE was once a young fellow who enlisted as a soldier. He was brave and courageous, and always foremost in the thick of a battle. As long as the war continued he got on very well, but when peace was proclaimed, he received his discharge, and the captain told him he might go as soon as he pleased

The soldier had nothing of his own but his gun, so he placed it on his shoulder, and went out into the world to seek for a living

After walking some distance he came to a heath, on which only a few trees were to be seen, and these grew in a circle. So feeling very sorrowful, he sat down under the trees, and began to reflect upon his fate.

At that moment he heard a rustling sound, and looking round, he saw a strange man standing before him; he wore a green coat, and looked rather stately, but had a ugly cloven foot "I know very well what you want," said he to the soldier, "and money and possessions you shall have as much as you can spend however extravagent you may be But I must discover first whether you are a coward, that my money may not be thrown away."

"A soldier, and afraid! who can put those two words together?" he replied. "You can try me if you like."

"Willingly," answered the man; "now just look behind you"

The soldier turned and saw an immense bear, who was growling and trotting toward him.

"Oho," cried the soldier, "I will tickle your nose for you presently, my friend, and stop your growling," and raising his gun he shot the bear in the head so surely that he fell all of a heap on the ground, and moved no more

"I see clearly" said the stranger, "that you are not wanting in courage; but there is one more condition you must agree to you must neither wash yourself nor comb your hair, nor cut your nails nor beard, nor say your prayers for the next seven years, and I will give you this coat and cloak, which you must wear the whole time, you will be rich and independent for the rest of your life"

The soldier agreed to this and the wicked old demon immediately took off the green coat, and offering it to the soldier, said: "Whenever you have that coat on your back, you will find plenty of money in the pocket, if you put your hand in it" Then he pulled off the skin of the dead bear, and giving it to him said "This is to be used by you as a cloak and a bed; you must not, for the whole seven years, dare to sleep in any other bed, nor to wear any other cloak and on this account you shall be called 'Bearskin'" Having said this, the stranger vanished

The soldier immediately put on the coat, and, putting his hands in the pockets found that the money was a reality Then he hung the bearskin on his shoulders, and went out into the world rejoicing in his good fortune, and buying all he wished for with his money.

For the first year his unwashed face and his uncombed beard did not disfigure him so very much but in the second and third he looked like a veritable monster.

Sometime in the fourth year he came to an inn, where in the evening, when Bearskin was sitting by himself and wishing that the seven years were over, he heard in an adjoining room loud lamentations The soldier had a pitying heart, so he opened the door, and saw an old man with his hands clasped over his head, and weeping bitterly

Bearskin advanced towards him, but the old man sprang up to run away When, however, he heard a kind, human voice speaking to him in friendly tones, he was inclined to remain; and the soldier's soothing words at last encouraged him to disclose the cause of his grief His property, he said, had dwindled away by degrees and now his daughters must starve. He had not, he said, even enough to pay the landlord, and supposed he should be sent to prison.

"If you have no other trouble," replied Bearskin, "I can help you, for I have plenty of money" Then he sent for the landlord paid the old man's bill, and gave him a purse full of gold to put in his pocket

When the man found himself so quickly relieved from his present anxieties he knew not how sufficiently to express his thanks. But at length he thought of his daughters. "Come home with me," he said; "I will introduce you to my three daughters, they are wonders of beauty, and you shall have one of them, if you like, for a wife."

Bearskin was very much pleased with this invitation, and went home with the old man quite readily No sooner, however, did the eldest daughter catch sight of him, than with a scream of terror she rushed away. The second stood still and looked at him from head to foot, and then she ran away.

The youngest, however, spoke gently, and said, "Dear father, that must be a good man if he has helped you so generously out of your trouble; and if you have promised him a bride, you must keep your word."

It was a pity that Bearskin's face was covered with dirt and hair, or she would have seen how happy he looked at these words. However, he took a ring from his finger, broke it in half, gave her one half, and kept the other for himself. On one half he wrote her name, and on the other his own; and begging her to take care of it, he said: "For three years longer I must travel about, but at the end of that time I will return; if I do not you will be free, for I shall be dead. But pray to God every day that my life may be preserved." Then he said farewell, and left her.

After he was gone, the bride dressed herself in black, and when she thought of her bridegroom the tears would come into her eyes. To her sisters it was a great amusement and they did nothing but mock and jeer her about her lover. The bride kept silent, and her sisters soon found that they could not make her angry with anything they said to her

Meanwhile, Bearskin was traveling about from one place to another, doing good on every opportunity, and relieving the poor and afflicted with the greatest sympathy. So that he had many to pray for him that he might live long.

The last day of the seventh year dawned, and Bearskin went out to the heath and seated himself under the trees which grew in a circle. He did not wait long, for with a rush of wind came the demon who had appeared to him just seven years before, and looked at him with a most ill tempered and disappointed face. He threw down the soldier's own coat and asked him for his green coat and bearskin cloak.

"Stop a bit," said the brave soldier, "you are going too fast; you must wash me first"

So the demon was obliged, whether he liked it or not, to fetch water and wash and shave the soldier, and afterwards to comb his hair and cut his nails When this was done, the brave soldier looked himself again, and, indeed, much handsomer than before

As soon as his unpleasant companion had happily left him, he rose with a light heart, and went to the town, bought a magnificent velvet suit, and seated himself in a carriage drawn by four splendid white horses, and drove to the house of his bride. No one recognized him. The merchant took him for a nobleman or a field officer, and led him into the room where his three daughters sat. He was obliged to yield to the request of the two eldest, that he would sit between them at dinner. They helped him to wine and placed all the choicest dishes before him, while they thought they had never seen such a handsome man before.

The bride, who sat opposite to him in her black dress, with downcast eyes did not utter a word At last, when they were alone the father asked the soldier if he would like to marry either of his daughters On hearing of this, the two oldest ran away to their rooms to change their dress, and both arrayed themselves in the gayest attire they possessed, for each fancied she would be the chosen one in preference to her sister

Meanwhile, the stranger found himself alone with his bride, and taking out the half of the ring which he had kept, from his pocket, he threw it into a glass of wine which stood on the table and presented it to her As she took it she saw at the bottom of the glass the half of the ring. With a beating heart she lifted a ribbon which hung round her neck, to which the other half was suspended. She placed the two halves together, and found that they exactly joined

Then the soldier, looking fondly at her, exclaimed: "I am your bridegroom whom you once knew as Bearskin Through the mercy of heaven I have recovered my natural shape and am made free from the evil power which caused me to be so disfigured" Then he went over to her took her in his arms, and embraced her fondly

Just at this moment the sisters entered the room in full dress; but when they discovered that this handsome young soldier belonged to their sister, and heard that he was the man they had laughed at who was called "Bearskin," they were so overcome with rage and vexation that one went and drowned herself in the well, and the other hung herself on a tree in the garden

In the evening there was a knock at the door, and when the bride-elect opened it, there was a strange man in a green coat, and he said to her: "See, now, I have lost one, but I have two instead"

The Paris *Figaro* reported a case of a man saving the life of a dog The dog was swimming in the Seine, near the shore, suddenly it gave a complaining howl and began to sink, thereupon a man in full dress threw himself in the water and succeeded in saving the dog's life.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

No. 382. ROCHESTER.

No. 384.
G A P
L A G A N
G A V I L A N
A G I T A T O
P A L A V E R
N A T E S
N O R

No. 386. CROSSWORD.

No. 388.
C A T A M A R A N
B A N A N A S
T A C I T
S A L
M

No. 387. THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT

No. 389.
H A M S T E R
A D A L I N E
M A G E N T A
S L E I D E D
T I N D A R O
E N T E R E R
R E A D O R N

No. 390. CELEBRATIONS

No. 392.
L A R K S H A M
A L O R H E R O
R O A N A R T S
K E N T M O S S
S T E R S O A R
P I N A O H I O
U N I T A I D S
H A T E R O S E R

No. 391. SNAP-DRAGON.

No. 393.
S K
I T A V I A
S T O C K I N G S
A C E A G E
K S
D I A Z H O
K I N G S H I P S
A G A O P E
S S

No. 395. "When the starry vapors gather
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently wraps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead"

Oates Kinney

No. 394
C
G O G
N A N A S
G E N T L E R
D I S G R A C E D
D I S T R A C T I O N
S E L E C T I N G
D E N T I L S
S E I N E
D O E
S

No. 396. NUMERICAL.
The WHOLE consisting of 19 letters is a poet.
The 9, 1, 4, 18, 19 is unusual
The 5, 12, 10, 5, 6 is a plant.
The 19, 7, 3, 16, 3 is to drink
The 16, 15, 17, 11 is close.
Baltimore, Md. ARIAN.

No. 398. REVERSIBLE SQUARE.
1 An island, off the coast of Java. 2. A monster. 3. Therefore. 4. A city of Spain.
Independence, Mo. BEN. J. MIN.

No. 399 CROSSWORD
In disengage but not in clear,
In boomerang but not in spear,
In paramount but not in chief,
In misdeemt but not in thief
In fenugreek but not in plant,
In plentiful but not in scant,
In palpitate but not in bound,
In predicate but not in found
In twenty one but not in three,
The WHOLE is scratched you will agree.
Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

No. 400. DIAMOND.
1. A consonant 2. A basket. 3. A nut. 4. Dignity. 5. One who defies. 6. A knot in wood. 7. A consonant.
Decatur, Ala. A. CHAP.

No. 401. ENIGMA.
Hoi! guessers your notice I crave for a minute.
I've a story to tell, though rather than it
I'd a hint myself and I wish to expound
On the subject In numerous names I abound
I am known in the world as abounding in evil,
And the Patriarch's "Satan" proves me a devil"
Though I fly through the heavens on swift going wing,
Yet I also exist as a low creeping thing;
I'm a fish in the sea, and a snake on the land
Or a violent person, who rules with high hand,
I'm a star in the North, I'm a meteor, too;
But with many regrets I will bid you adieu.
Oakland, Cal. HANNAH B. GAGE.

No. 402. SQUARE
1. FIRST is joyous, fruitful, gay,
Something like the first of May
2. SECOND is to run away.
Prisoners do it every day.
3. Mr Webster used to say
Turkey was it so. He does to-day
4. Sailor's POURTH the rigging when
Uncle Sam was fresh with men.
5. There was one shroud FIFTH but three.
They count 1, 2, 3 et agate
6. Tell is one who cried he war
He was a SIXTH his name was Ben
San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

No. 401. TRIPLE CROSSWORDS.
In velvet vestures not in garb,
In Spanish ensign not in tar,
In Scotland pony not in barb,
In Indian wigwam not in hut.
WHOLE tells of battles fought and won
Without the firing of a gun.
Lima, Ohio. TRADDLES.

No. 403. DIAMOND.
1. A letter. 2. The young of swine. 3. A genus of worms. 4. A perforation. 5. A genus of birds. 6. An animal. 7. The receiving of stolen goods. 8. A male nickname. 9. A letter.
Lebanon Church, Va. O. C. O. LA.

No. 405. CHARADE.
A plant for number ONE—
Guess it quick;
If you say it likes the sun,
You're a brick.
For 'twill die within the shade.
(Here my learning I've displayed.
Though I fear that my charade
Makes you sick.)
And now for number TWO,
'Tis an ax—
Thou you often do
When there lacks
Of combustibles a store
Of sticks, or perhaps more—
I tell you 'tis a bore,
These are facts.
"Oh! my prophetic soul!"
This was said
By a Shakespearean WHOLE—
Still is dead.
But his memory we revere,
And I often wish him here.
I should treat him to "swet beer"—
Let us shod—
P. S.—Tears.
Baltimore, Md. MAUD LYNN.

No. 404. SQUARE.
1. A State of Mexico. 2. Officers of the King's stables. 3. Soon. 4. A chemical base. 5. Original. 6. Having the edge notched. 7. A hard substance on a horse's leg.
New York City. WAVERLY.

No. 406. ANAGRAM
This book is the one we're so oft needing,
BUT BEN 'TIS A WORD I DISLIKE READING.
Philadelphia, Pa. PEGGOTTY.

No. 408. DIAMOND.
(Respectfully dedicated to "Streaks.")
1. The name of ancient Babylon, once mighty, rich and great.
Without my FIRST would fallen have long ere it met its fate.
2. Far up in Northern climates, against the frigid air
As a protection people my SECOND always wear.
3. THIRD was a surname given to some ancient monarch wise.
The meaning as you no doubt know deliverer implies.
4. The FOURTH are tissues, which afford mechanical support.
They are in botany name bodies of a fleshy sort.
5. What man without a prophet's sight, the boundless future THIS.
Let those who think the opposite their thoughts straightway dismiss
6. Having the fruit superior, or unconnected with
The perianth, is of the SIXTH the definition, pith.
7. Some never cease their SEVENTH on everything they meet.
As boarders do at Madame Blanc's on what they get to eat.
8. Now this is rather EIGHTH unto, the Madame's feelings fine,
She says the meat is never tough but of the tender kine.
9. And when the boarders growl and say, the bread is worse than dough,
It brings a NINTH unto her breast, she knows it is not so.
10. Not like the portly ship she is, into the room she'll sail,
And never TENTH a moment as she serves the toast and quail.
11. The Madame from the Boarding House an income fair does get,
And from it also you may have the last when it's "To-let."
Twenty-five cents for first solution.
Santa Clara, Cal. COMET.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.
3. Twenty-five cents for FIRST solution to No. 408.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of August 30th, were solved by A. Solver Goose Quill, Live Oak, Capt. Cuttle, Hannah B. Gage, Trainer O. C. O. La., Peggotty, O. Possum, Effendi, Magone, Kos, Tiberius.

COMPLETE LISTS.—A Solver

PRIZE WINNERS

1. A Solver - - Kenton, Ohio.
2. Goose Quill - - San Francisco, Cal.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Hannah B Gage—Enigma and Numerical. Nutmeg Herald—Peggotty Anagram and Monogram. Traddles—Three Diamonds. Maud Lynn—Two Charades. Old-timer—Two Anagrams. Dish Peggotty—Square, Crossword and Reversed Diamond. Cyril Deane—Numerical. El Fen—Two Squares.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ABOUT ANAGRAMS—What we have said about abbreviations and improper spelling will apply to Anagrams as well as other puzzles, so stick a pin in right here

HANNAH B GAGE—We credit you with two "hits," and hope "Cerebrations" will soon be your Debtor for a larger amount

PEGGOTTY—Thought you had gone to Yarmouth for a year's vacation, but are glad to see you have returned to your native heath. Send along the flats

MAUD L—Your letter received with the two Charades done up in lavender. Altogether we consider you entitled to a hearing so when you have anything to say to the boys let it know

T. POPE—We were brought up on the "Old Dominion," but like you very much the Wisconsin temperature, with the thermometer at 90° in summer or 30° in winter.

EL FEN—Your favor is a regular size, and we have a large and constantly increasing trade for the same.

DANCING SHADOWS.

BY T. A.

Dancing shadows, shadows dancing,
Flitting o'er my chamber-wall;
Shadows from the sunlight glancing
Through the branches—branches waving,
Proud like victors, tempests braving—
Of the trees before the hall.

All the poets sing of evening—
Hour of softness, hour of love—
Vaguely to our minds revealing
Thoughts of glories worlds above.

Fitful fancies, fancies airy,
Spirits of the eventide;
Waking dreams, like visions fairy,
In the softening twilight glide.

As I muse, and watch departing
Fading beams of parting day,
Sudden tears—why are they starting?
Thus our joys soon pass away.

Human hearts have secret places,
Chambers, where the shadows fall;
Sterner forms than sunlight traces
Dark "handwritings on the wall."

Oft within those hidden dwellings
Lightnings flash and thunders roll;
Passions like an ocean's swellings,
Tempests that becloud the soul.

Dancing shadows, shadows dancing,
Till the last strange forms depart;
Thoughts as strange, and yet entrancing,
Pass like shadows o'er my heart.

GOSSIP ABOUT FEES.

VERY pleasant to a young lawyer is his first fee. But it is oftentimes weary waiting for that first modest reward, mortgaged, maybe, long before it comes; like the celebrated Counsellor Scott's half guinea, which had to be handed over to his Bessy, in accordance with the agreement between them, that he was to take the receipts of the first eleven months of his barristerhood, and give her all he earned in the twelfth month for her own use.

Parsimonious as he is reputed to have been, that was not the only instance of the future Chancellor Eldon cheerfully surrendering the fruits of his labor. While he was still only a rising man at the bar, not overburdened with riches, his hair dresser remarked to him, that if everybody had their own, a certain friend of his, then in indifferent circumstances, would be enjoying the possession of a fine estate. Scott sent the hairdresser to a solicitor to have the facts reduced to writing, and then set about the necessary proceedings to recover the property for its rightful owner; asking the solicitor to keep an account of the fees to which he would be entitled, until the termination of the suit. When it did terminate in the triumph of Scott's client the lawyer presented him with a purse containing the whole of the fees due, in gold. Sending for the hairdresser, he congratulated him upon his friend's success, and tossing the well-lined purse to the astonished man, said: 'You have had a good deal of trouble in the affair, so take that purse.'

Another Scott, more famed as a poet than a pleader, had a housebreaker for his first client and did his best for the rogue, who in thanking him after the trial, expressed himself as much grieved at being unable to repay him in current coin; but lacking that gave him two valuable bits of information; assuring him that a yelping terrier inside a house was a better protection against thieves than a big dog outside a house; and that no sort of lock so bothered one of his craft as an old rusty one.

Yet more unsatisfactory was the product of M. Rouher's first brief, held in behalf of a peasant. When the verdict had been given in his favor, that worthy asked his eloquent advocate how much he owed him. 'Oh, say two francs,' was the answer. 'Two francs!' exclaimed the ingrate; 'that's very dear. Won't you let me off with a franc and a half?' 'No; two francs or nothing,' was the counsel's ultimatum. 'Well then,' said his client, 'I would rather pay nothing;' and with a bow, he left M. Rouher to reflect upon rustic simplicity.

To be taken at one's word is not always agreeable, as Daniel Webster found when outwitted by the Quaker. A famous author is responsible for the story, and we must let him tell it. 'This Quaker, a pretty knowin' old shaver had a cause down to Rhode Island; so he went to Daniel to hire him to go down and plead his case for him, so says he: "Lawyer Webster what's your fee?" "Why," says Daniel "let me see. I have to go down south to Washington, to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company; and I've got to be at Cincinnati to attend the Convention; and I don't see how I can go to Rhode Island without great loss and fatigue. It would cost you, maybe, more than you'd be willing to give." Pressed to name what he would take, Webster said a thousand dollars. The Quaker well-nigh fainted when he heard this. But he was pretty deep too; so says he: "Lawyer, that's a great deal of money; but I have more causes there. If I give you the thousand dollars, will you plead the other cases I shall have to give you?" "Yes," says Daniel; "I will, to the best of my humble abilities." So down they went to Rhode Island; and Daniel carried the case for the Quaker. Well, the Quaker he goes round he: "What will you give me if I get the great Daniel to plead for you? It cost me a thousand dollars for a fee; but now he and I are pretty thick, and as he is on the spot, I'd get him to plead cheap for you." So he got three hundred dollars from one, and two from another, and so on, until he got eleven hundred dollars; just one hundred more than he gave.

Daniel was in a great rage when he heard this. "What!" said he, "do you think I would agree to your letting me out like a horse to hire?"

"Friend Daniel," said the Quaker, "didst thou not undertake to plead all such [illegible] as I should have to give thee? If thou will not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine." Daniel laughed out ready to split his sides at this. "Well," says he, "I guess I might as well stand still for you to put the bridle on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence anyhow." So he went good-humoredly to work and pleaded them all."

Lawyer Dudley was not to be so easily beguiled into giving advocacy without a fee. Having to defend a man accused of helping himself to a hog belonging to a neighbor, he succeeded in obtaining an acquittal. 'How can I ever repay you, Mr. Dudley!' said the lucky rascal. 'I haven't a cent; accept my thanks.' 'Thanks!' cried the lawyer. 'Send me a side of the pork!'

This reminds us of Abraham Lincoln's story of the hog stealer who insured his safety by judiciously placing his ill-gotten provender. The theft and the identity of the thief were so incontestably proved, that Mr. Lincoln did not see his way to fighting against a conviction, and intimated as much to his client. 'Never mind about that,' said he; 'just abuse them witnesses like the deuce, and spread yourself on general principles.' Mr. Lincoln obeyed instructions. The jury retired, and after a short consultation, astonished everybody but the prisoner by declaring him not guilty. 'You see, squire,' he explained, 'every one of the fellows had a piece of them hogs!'

The relative positions of solicitor and counsel would appear to be reversed in France, if a story told lately by a Paris correspondent be really true. 'We have long had the fable of the lawyer eating the oyster and giving a shell to each pleader, and now we have a pendant. A French lawyer in a separation case pleaded very warmly for his client, who, he said, was literally dying of hunger, and who had two little children. He demanded the immediate aid of two thousand francs, in the name of humanity and in the name of justice, and full of confidence threw himself on the equity of the court. A few days later his client received the following letter:—"Madame, I am happy to say we have succeeded in obtaining the provision of two thousand francs. I have handed a thousand francs to your attorney, who has given me a receipt, and I am much obliged to you for the surplus in settlement of fees."'

A young Parisian lady after being relieved of a tormenting tooth, laid down ten francs in payment. Looking at the fee contemptuously the dentist asked if that was for his servant. 'No, sir,' responded Madame with a sweet smile; 'it is for both of you.'

Grains of Gold.

Ability and necessity will dwell near each other.

A good article is always worth the money you pay.

There is nothing so imprudent as excessive prudence.

Never tell more than you know, nor even all that you know.

It is better oftentimes to laugh things off than to scold them off.

By over sugaring of all good qualities, you may turn them to acidities.

Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.

The human mind should be a globe of humanity moving on the poles of truth.

No man can end with being superior who will not begin with being inferior.

Blushing is a suffusion—least seen in those who have the most occasion for it.

Knowledge without justice becomes craft; courage without reason becomes rashness.

There are vast numbers of ill-tempered people who are too ugly even to be good-natured.

Cheerfulness or joyousness is the heaven under which everything not poisonous thrives.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without thought of fame.

Consider health as your best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all its foibles, as you can.

Kites rise against, not with the wind. • • • No man ever worked anywhere in a dead calm.

The meaning of economy has been foolishly narrowed to be almost synonomous with stinginess.

Don't carry your head so high that you cannot see stumps in your way over which you may stumble.

Pleasant occupation tends to prolong life, for longevity is much dependent upon the feelings of the mind.

A succulent diet delicate and well attended to, repulses for a long time the exterior appearance of old age.

Oil your mind and your manners to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility; strength alone will not do.

A vow of abstinence is a moral poison, and the appetite must have become criminal before it needs incarceration.

Occasionally complaining about things over which you have no control may do good, but more frequently will not.

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.

Passion is a keen observer, but a wretched reasoner. It is like the telescope, whose field is clearer the more contracted it is.

We should not let trifles only plague us, but also gratify us; we should seize not their poison-bags only, but also their honey-bags.

Persons with shallow feelings and deep designs sometimes tread the paths of sin sure-footed as Spanish mules on the edge of the Cordilleras.

Very seldom, except in romance and melodramas, does true love beat cunning, and simplicity make victorious way against worldly success.

There is an old superstition that the reading of gravestones causes a loss of memory. It may well make us forget a thousand things belonging to this world.

All men are imperfect. There are spots even on the sun. But these spots are not visible to the naked eye when the sun shines in its unveiled and full-orbed glory.

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

The pious and just honoring of ourselves may be thought the radical moisture and fountain-head from whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth.

We think it is the most beautiful and humane thing in the world so to mingle gravity with pleasure that the one may not sink into melancholy, and the other rise up into wantonness.

Any view of God which makes man intolerant, any view of duty which makes him harsh, any conception of eternity which makes him a coward and a hypocrite, is proved by its effect to be erroneous.

Knowledge is not wisdom; it is only the raw material from which the beautiful fabric of wisdom is produced. Each one, therefore, should not spend his days in gathering materials, and so live and die without a shelter.

Feminimities.

A sour-faced wife fills the tavern.

Michigan women are joining the Mormons.

A woman would sooner rule a heart than fill it; not so a man.

Friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities.

They call a dressmaker an "inspirational modiste" in San Francisco.

A pretty woman never looks into her mirror till she has breathed on it.

To give pain is the tyranny of beauty, to make happy is her true empire.

A Mrs. Shoddy invited a friend to come and see her horse and phantom.

A Cincinnati dry goods firm gave a bouquet to every lady who visited its opening.

The difference between a woman and an umbrella is that the latter can be shut up.

Keys and snakes are just now the favorite designs for jewelry; it would be rather hard to tell why.

"Variety," remarked a woman who put thirty-two ingredients into her mince pies, "variety is the pies of life."

A Mrs Gibbs, living in St Louis notifies on her door plate that she is an "elocutionist, poetess, washer and ironer."

A girl marked the figure 18 in her shoes. Then, when she eloped, she swore to the minister that she was "over eighteen."

It requires about as long to get a girl well out of her twentieth year as for a horse to get beyond "eight years old this spring."

"We old maids," remarked Miss Stebbins, "love cats because we have no husbands, and cats are almost as treacherous as men."

"I thought you took an interest in my welfare," said an unsuccessful lover. "No, sir.", she replied, "only in your farewell."

The weeds of Brigham Young's widows have totally disappeared, but they are nevertheless to be found on the old man's grave.

The wife that builds the fire, is the wife that spanks the baby, and tells her neighbor that she has the best husband in the world.

In church women think that they receive because they observe, and that they are meditating when they are only holding their tongues.

The wolf, says a Russian proverb, changes its hair every year. The young lady of the period does better; she changes hers every afternoon.

Mrs. J. F. Willing, of Chicago, although not permitted to be regularly ordained, now preaches regular sermons, most effective ones, too, it is said.

A German author has written a work called "Kisses and Kissing." He should have had an assistant. Two heads are better than one at such work.

The Unitarian denomination has a permanent committee of ladies at Boston to examine all books intended for use in the Sunday School libraries of that church.

Miss Emily Faithful is in England now, advising young ladies not to marry until they are at least twenty five years old. She doesn't add, as the old lady did, "Unless you get a good chance."

A husband recently cured his wife of divers ills by kissing the servant girl, and allowing his wife to catch him at it. He said she was up in an instant, forgetting her complaints, and has done without a servant ever since.

A woman who was having her first introduction to the telephone was told by the operator to place the instrument to her ear and listen to the words the wire would speak to her. "And now," said she in all innocence, "shall I talk with the other ear?"

Two residents of Hillsville, Va., disputed about a young lady's age, one holding that she was 20, the other that she was 18, and fought about it, one being killed. If they had only asked her they would have discovered that she will be 17 next March.

The Roman ladies are very handsome, and have beautiful cream white complexions, but they are just a little too fat, and the ladies in society "make up" just a little too much—especially their eyes, which they cannot make too long nor too velvety looking.

For a slender, tall woman the prettiest kind of a short costume has the skirt composed entirely of horizontal puffs, with one deep flounce at the bottom, over which is worn a panier polonaise of different material. The waistcoat is formed of puffings to correspond with the skirt.

'Say, Bill, do you know what an angel is?" "Scasely; I never see one gineywine." "Well, do you reckon they hang on till forever?" "Not much, I don't. Why dad says the old woman was an angel when he married her but she's got over it. I guess angels don't keep in this climate anyway."

This is the poetic style indulged in by a Baltimore reporter. "She wore a magnificent white silk, en traine and fan tailed, elaborately trimmed, and the usual bridal veil gathered in such graceful folds about her classical features as to resemble a well becoming cap, while its ample length fairly enveloped the queen like figure it adorned."

A Springfield young man, recently married, who has been an enthusiastic collector of coins, found the other day that his new wife, with the charming freshness characteristic of brides, has been drawing on his cabinet for change, and among other things had passed out an old penny for which he paid $3 50, for a cent's worth of yeast. He coined some new words for the occasion.

A lady in Burlington County, Ind., is the owner of a dog and a dove. Whenever she goes out walking the dove perches itself on the dog's head, and the latter trots off, happy as a lark. The bird holds its position until the party return home, unless Towser is attacked by some of the bad dogs of the borough. Then it flies to a place of safety, returning to its favorite roost when the tussle between the dogs is over.

An English wife and mother living in Chelsea went to sleep on a box in the kitchen a fortnight ago with a baby in her arms. When she was aroused about midnight she found that the child had fallen from her lap into a pail half full of dirty water, and been drowned. Medical evidence showed that the child was well nourished, but its inside was full of soapsuds. The baby evidently fell head first into the dirty water and was thus suffocated.

Laconics.

The kangaroo enjoys a beautiful spring.

Spiritual comfort—A glass of whisky.

Mosquitoes penetrate into the best society.

Close contest—One woman trying to out dress another.

How would you decide a fistic encounter when both men beat each other?

The man who lays by any "dust" must wade through considerable mud.

People will talk and sing about the "flowing bowl," when it isn't the bowl that flows at all.

The man who tears another's coat down the middle should be made to pay up for back rent.

"We prey for meat," as the foxes remarked when they jumped into a poultry-yard.

It is vulgar to call a man "bow-legged." Just speak of him as a parenthetical pedestrian.

A new book, like a fresh lobster, doesn't benefit a man much until it is read and digested.

A difficult achievement in domestic geometry—To keep the circle of your acquaintance square.

'Oh, that my father was seized with remittent fever," sighed a young spendthrift at college.

Never take a bull by the horns, but take him by the tail; then you can let him go when you want to.

Politics are a great blessing to society. What else is it that makes men shake hands and be nice to each other?

A young lady was seen to go into a pawnbroker's the other day to pledge her troth. N B.—She was engaged to the assistant.

A man who was in love with a beautiful Hebrew girl, on hearing that she was sick, exclaimed, "Oh, my precious pearl—my Jewill!"

A short time ago a man became so completely "wrapped up in thought," that he was tied up, labelled, and sent off on the "train of ideas."

It is maintained that the most inspiring natural sight which a glazier can contemplate is the gleam of early day breaking through the windows.

A facetious old lady, describing the rambling sermons of her minister, said, "If his text had the small-pox his sermon would never catch it."

A farmer purchased a pair of fashionable dandy boots in the city the other day; he says that he can safely recommend the articles as excellent corn cribs!

A Boston child remarked, after gazing earnestly at a man who was bald, but had heavy whiskers: "His head was put on upside down, wasn't it?"

Young Spilkins, when he moved into the suburbs and went into the poultry business, soon became discouraged because he couldn't find the breed of hens that lays wagers.

"I don't take much 'stock' in this country," said an Englishman to a friend just after a severe storm. "Why, how is that?" was the startled inquiry. "It's watered too much," was the reply.

An actor having expressed a wish to appear in several pieces on the same evening, and to bring down the house, was assured that he might do both by smoking a cigar in a powder manufactory.

It may be that the simple minded farmer has no selfish designs in telling the tourist that fish will bite only at potato bugs, and in kindly offering to let the disciple of Walton go into his potato patch and get all the bait he wants.

A small boy asked his mother, a certain worthy lady of this city, if God punished everybody that told a lie. "Certainly he does," was the reply. "You had better look out then, mother, for I haven't had that piece of raspberry pie you promised me two days ago."

"Take back the heart," as the man said who drew one when he wanted a diamond. "A loan in the world," was given with great effect by the man who had to raise three hundred dollars by Saturday noon. "Bee ware" was the national song of the honey merchant.

Lord North, who was not fond of scientific music, being asked to subscribe to a series of concerts, refused. "But your lordship's brother, the Bishop of Winchester, subscribes," argues the applicant. "If I were as deaf as he I would subscribe too," was the reply.

A gentleman passing across the playground of a public school was affronted by the boys, was obliged to complain to the principal, which he did thus: "I have been abused by some rascals of this place, and I have come to acquaint you of it, as I understand you are the principal."

A French newspaper says that in a certain Irish cathedral there used to be shown three skulls, one little one and two big ones, which the guide described to visitors as the skull of St. Patrick when he was a child, the skull of St. Patrick grown up, and the skull of St. Patrick as an old man.

"George," said a schoolmistress to one of her unruly scholars, "why is it you can behave so badly? When you first came to school you were obedient, submissive and willing to learn; now you are just the contrary." "Well, to tell the truth, marm," said George, "I was not much acquainted then."

Mrs Scroggins: "How did your mamma like that butter I sold her, Miss Lucy?" Miss Lucy: "The butter was not good at all, Mrs. Scroggins, and was all sorts of different colors." Mrs. Scroggins: "That ain't nuthin. If you was to see my cows yew'd find 'em a big sight more speckelder'n my butter."

"Ma, pa says not to sit down on the benches in the park that are marked 'paint,' or I'll spoil my new trousers." "My child, whenever you see a newly-painted bench go and sit right down on it and let everybody see that a pair of new trousers to us are only a drop in the bucket—I mean in the wardrobe."

AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, BILIOUS DISORDERS, SICK HEADACHES, &c., are thoroughly cured by Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills. They gradually change the vitiated secretions of the Stomach and Liver, and restore these organs to a healthy condition. Sold everywhere.

SOLDIER SUPERSTITIONS.

THOSE who happened to be in Germany during and immediately after the war of 1870 and 71 must have been struck by the amount of superstition that, hidden under ordinary circumstances, in the then excited state of the public mind made its way to the surface, pretty much as the mud of a stagnant pool floats to the top when the water is agitated. Nothing seemed too absurd to be believed, credulity seemed rampant. Portents and warnings were seen in everything. Shocks of earthquake—not unfrequent along the Rhine—were interpreted as tokens of Satanic anger. Black crosses, observed for the first time in window-panes of the houses of the peasantry throughout Baden and the south generally, were signs of divine wrath against the turn things in general were taking in the Fatherland, especially in rezard to the church. The excitement grew wild and furious in respect to this phenomenon, and was only allayed by a Baden glass manufacturer coming forward and demonstrating that the warning crosses were nothing more nor less than marks imprinted on the glass in the process of making. The Comet of 1873 scared thousands, and was the occasion of not a few being sent to the madhouse or committing suicide. There was a widespread belief in the approaching dissolution of all things.

But some of the most curious instances of the survival of old world superstitions were brought into prominence by the Franco-German war itself. The most striking had reference to the fancied preventibility of death and rendering invulnerable of the human body. The superstition was widely prevalent among the French and the German soldiery, but seemed to be most common with the latter. Thousands of thedoomed sons of the Fatherland were found to have carried with them reputed charms against steel and bullet. The most common form of the charm was what they themselves called "Letters of Exemption," from death of injury; the remnant of a superstition that may be traced among nearly all peoples, and mention of which may be frequently met with in German records of the sixteenth and later centuries.

In the early days of its use powder was considered the invention of the Evil One, and the hireling soldier who had death constantly before his eyes was only too ready to resort to any charm to protect him against the missiles of the enemy, or to impart to his own weapons a supernatural power. The "magical art of taking aim" was a peculiar branch of education with the soldiers of the Emperor Carl. We read of a certain Punker, celebrated as an enchanter of bullets, who had the reputation of destroying three of the enemy daily and of being himself invulnerable. He had a special method of casting bullets, and was permitted to furnish charmed balls to the soldiers. Charms for the healing of wounds and prayers for stanching blood were regularly resorted to, while the use of amulets and talismans, mostly in unintelligible Latin, were almost universal.

The Thirty Years' War brought to light many such superstitious practices. The peasants of Austria, in 1626, were all believed to be invulnerable, and it is related of Pappenheim that he was once attacked by a peasant while entangled with his fallen horse, and that though he fired his pistols at his assailant they took no effect. Pappenheim himself was considered invulnerable, and was only killed by four charmed bullets penetrating his body. Tilly had the same reputation, and Wallenstein made no secret of his credulity. Seni his astrologer, had great influence over him; and his soldiers believed that a familiar spirit came to him at night to aid him in his plans. He carried, concealed in his breast a horoscope of crystal, highly talismanic, and walked in shoes made of the skins of bats, to which creatures a magical power was attributed.

That such superstitions should exist in the dark and middle ages surprises no one; but that they should have retained their hold on the human mind to the end of the nineteenth century, was a surprise to everybody who gave any thought to the subject. Public attention was first directed thereto by an officer who, giving his experience in a magazine, asserted that he had noticed this superstition among the soldiers during the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, and related a striking incident which came under his own immediate observation. On the evening before the storming of Koeniginhof, whilst his regiment was bivouacing at the edge of a wood, and the men were engaged in preparing their supper, he observed on the horizon a glow like the northern lights. It was caused, however, by burning villages. For some time he stood watching the sight in the shade of a large tree. Near him, but unaware of his presence were two grenadiers; they were conversing in a gloomy undertone. One said to the other: "The villages seem still to be burning." The other answered: "Don't you know that in war times such signs are always seen in the sky? My grandfather, who took part in the War of Liberation, told me so. They then began to talk in a still lower tone, and the officer could only overhear the words: "Have you not got the letter which makes its bearer invulnerable?" The other replied in the negative, and then both went away.

It must not be supposed, however, that the German soldier as a class is given to this kind of superstition. It was found on investigation that there was a close relation between education and the existence of such beliefs. The provinces which were in the lowest state as regards education gave the largest contingent of those who were thus credulous. Talismans, charms, Letters of Exemption, etc., were found in the largest proportion among recruits from the Polish provinces, and in those provinces education is at the lowest point.

The commonest form of Letter of Exemption is a simple slip of paper bearing a prayer in Latin, or a provision for the protecting grace of "Mary, the mother of God," or of some local saint. Some, however, are of a much ruder form. One such talismanic piece of paper found on the person of a dead soldier contained in German, though written in Latin characters, the scarcely cabalistic words: "Go it, thou ox!" This charm had probably been bought of a wandering pedlar, of whom there are so many who drive a good trade in this kind of thing with the poor peasantry.

The Letter of Exemption most frequently found among the German soldiery was the "Blessing of St. Colomanus." This document, sometimes written and sometimes printed and adorned with rude cuts, relates the story of a criminal who, when led out to be shot, was discovered to have been rendered invulnerable by the blessing of the said saint, so that his executioners could not perform their task. Every soldier is assured that by carrying this letter always about with him he will enjoy the same invulnerability. An anecdote is told of an officer who hung a copy of the Blessing of St. Colomanus about the neck of his dog and then tried in vain to shoot it. It is considered highly improper, however, either to trifle or in any way to make free with these charms. One can well imagine the vendors of such things encouraging a sober dread of anything like levity in regard to them.

Parties wishing to operate in Stocks in large or small amounts, will find a safe and profitable method through the undersigned. Explanations and financial paper, market reports, etc., free on application. SMILEY & GALE, Stock Brokers, 26 Broadway, N. Y.

New Publications.

Clarke's Anthem Collection, for quartette and chorus choirs, with organ obl'gato accompaniment, a new musical work by W. H. Clarke, organist at the Tremont Temple, Boston, seems to be just what is at present needed for church choirs. The author's large experience as a church organist and director is here manifested in the presentation of new music, first composed and arranged for his own choir, and thus having been proved, is offered for use of other choirs. It is not an arrangement of operatic melodies or secular airs, but, although containing music for festal occasions, it was prepared for Sabbath use in religious worship, and the music is throughout of a high character, which a careful examination exhibits, and reveals that there is nothing stereotyped in its style, and stamps the work as a book that will live, and be largely used where church music is earnestly cultivated. The book contains 128 large pages. Price $15.00 per dozen. Copies sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $1.50. G. D. Russell & Co., Boston, publishers.

The Conquest of Plassans, a Tale of Provincial Life, by Emile Zola, author of L'Assommoir, translated from the French by John Stirling, is just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city. The Conquest of Plassans has in it two extraordinary characters, absolutely original in conception and execution. These are the Abbe Faujas, and his mother, who come, as the title of the volume indicates, to bring under their control the provincial town of Plassans. Zola's command of language is absolutely marvellous, and he uses it so accurately that the reader has before him the individual, and the act of the scene, present to the mind and imagination of the author. The Conquest of Plassans is perhaps more artistic than any other of Zola's works, and the plot unfolds with a delineation of character and motive worty of Balzac. It is published in a large square duodecimo volume, paper cover, price 75 cents, uniform with L'Assommoir, and will be found for sale by all booksellers and news agents.

The Earl of Mayfield is a new novel, by a noted author, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city. The scenes are in the south of Italy and England, and much food for pleasant meditation will be found in the study of the several characters portrayed. It has the advantage of having but few characters, with good descriptions, excellent dialogues, well sustained interest, and contains all the elements of a successful novel, the whole being well told, and it will no doubt prove to be a success. It is published in a large duodecimo volume, bound in morocco cloth, black and gold. Price $1.50. For sale by all booksellers and news agents.

MAGAZINES.

The leading article in the North American Review for October is by Francis Parkman, and is entitled The Woman Question. It discusses the proposed extension of suffrage to women and takes strong conservative ground. The second paper is a lucid and forcible exposition of the Philosophy of Comte, by his leading English disciple, Frederick Harrison. The third article, Louis Napoleon and the Southern Confederacy, by Owen F. Aldis, is a statement made from the Confederate archives of the relations that existed between the French emperor and the Southern States during the War of the Rebellion. The Railway Problem, by Robert Garrett, is a timely article upon the methods of operating our vast railway system. The third part of The Diary of a Public Man is of equal interest with the portions which have already been published. The sixth article, by Prof. E. L. Youmans, and entitled Spencer's Evolution Philosophy, contains a statement in detail of the various works which Mr. Spencer has published during the past twenty years. The paper gives an excellent summary of the main features of the theory of Evolution. The number closes with Recent History and Biography, a review of five books relating to American History, by A. K. Fiske.

The October Popular Science Monthly is unusually interesting, betraying the season of scientific associations, when the ablest popular work of the year appears in the form of official addresses at annual conventions. The first article is President Allman's inaugural at the British Association on Protoplasm and Life. The topic, opened by Professor Huxley ten years ago in his lecture on The Physical Basis of Life, is here more elaborately treated and is sharply brought up to date. The other contents embrace John Stuart Mill, by Alexander Bain, LL.D., Atlantis Not a Myth, by Edward H. Thompson, Micro Organisms and their Effects in Nature, by Professor W. S. Barnard, Ph. D., Science and Philosophy of Recreation, by George J. Romanes, Mythology to Philosophy, I. By Major J. W. Powell, A Home-Made Spectroscope, by James J. Furniss (Illustrated) The Source of Muscular Power, by H. P. Armsby, The Results of Abstraction in Science, by Charles T. Haviland, The Age of Ice, by A. R. Norton, Illustrated, Sketch of Professor Frankland with portrait, Correspondence, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes; altogether it is one of the richest and most valuable numbers yet issued. Appleton & Co. Price, 50 cents a number.

Nervous Exhaustion.

"Compound Oxygen" is especially valuable where, from any cause, there exists GREAT PHYSICAL OR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION. Our Treatise will tell you all about it. It is mailed free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

News Notes.

Victor Hugo is a broad-shouldered man. He has a full beard, almost white, and does not appear ethereal.

Moody and Sankey, the evangelists, will commence their labors in Cleveland on the first Monday in October.

Marie Christine, future Queen of Spain, is to receive a civil list and dower, amounting altogether to $50,000 a year.

Mrs Lincoln says that Charles Sumner made matrimonial proposals to her not long after the death of her husband.

The Emperor Alexander is described as looking so aged that at his recent meeting with his imperial uncle he looked almost the elder.

Charles Reade has made $175,000 by his pen. Yet he has the audacity to talk about "Very Hard Cash" and "Terrible Temptations."

Ennis appears to be the most sensible pedestrian of the whole lot. He says he is not going to engage in any more walking matches.

The expenditure of the London School Board for the current year is estimated at $3,000,000; that of New York city is nearly half again as large.

General Hood's dying wish was that his ten little children should be kept together, but unless the relief fund swells more rapidly separation will be necessary.

That duel between two women at Union, Tenn., was a very sad affair. Both fired together, and one hit a boy on a fence, and the other killed a calf in a field.

After eight years' litigation over the estate of the late James B. Taylor, of Jersey City, valued in 1870 at $1,000,000, the receiver reports that absolutely nothing is left.

General W. T. Sherman said at Cincinnati, the other day, "that farmers and mechanics in Ohio live better, and eat better food, than the nobleman of foreign lands."

General MacDougall, commander of the British forces in Canada, has fallen under the ban of the people of the Dominion because he drove through a funeral procession with his four-in-hand.

An old miser named William Praigg has just died of starvation at Jeffersonville, Ind., leaving money to the amount of $15,000. He leaves two daughters, whom he had driven from home. They have long suffered from want, but can now enjoy themselves.

Chicago is now the greatest pork-packing city in the world. She has over forty establishments where hogs are converted into pork, in some of which all the primary stages of killing, scalding, scraping and dressing are gone through with in the space of ten minutes. Chicago claims to kill a hog for every ten seconds in the year.

A Kansas genius, representing himself as a practical farmer, has lately been visiting all the fairs with a prize pumpkin, and took the premium every time. It was seven feet in circumference, and weighed 230 pounds. Several days ago, at Council Grove, a rival farmer attempted to tap the pumpkin, in the absence of its owner, to get some of the seeds, when he discovered that it was constructed of wood.

Father Curci is on the eve of publishing a new translation of the Bible, with preface and annotations. The translation is said to be an improvement on those by Martini and Deodati, while the preliminary matter will touch on many politico ecclesiastical topics. The translation, revised by Mgr. Sarzano, and beautifully printed, has been approved by the Pope.

There are more cures made with Hop Bitters than all other medicines.

Attention has been drawn anew to a Wisconsin religious sect, called Peculiar People, but known to outsiders as "Rebes in the Wood." A farmer is the leader, and he has induced them to take up the most childish practices by a literal interpretation of the text: "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Daniel Drew's death was very sudden. He had been dining at a hotel restaurant with Mr. Lawrence, a New York broker, and when Mr. Lawrence arose to depart, Mr. Drew desired him to remain, saying: "I don't feel well. I've got a severe pain here on my heart, just as my mother had the moment before she died." Almost while uttering the last word Mr. Drew's head dropped on his breast, and he breathed his last.

Subduing and Avoiding Fever and Ague.

Of all chronic diseases, fever and ague is perhaps the least conquerable by the ordinary resources of medicine. There is, however, a remedy which completely roots it out of the system in any and all of its various phases. This celebrated anti-periodic is vegetable in composition, and is not only efficacious, but perfectly safe, a thing at cannot be predicated with truth of quinine. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is, besides, a most efficient means of defense against malaria, as it endows the physique with an amount of stamina which enables it to encounter miasmatic influences without prejudice to health. Persons about to visit, or living in, foreign countries, or portions of our own where intermittent or remittent fevers prevail, should not omit to lay in a sufficient supply of the great Preventive, both to avert such diseases and disorders of the stomach, bowels and liver common to such localities.

The Wish to be Beautiful.

There never lived a woman who could truthfully say she did not care whether she was beautiful or not. Every woman cares. Physical and mental attractiveness should be as much sought after by woman, as physical and mental strength is by man. What is glory in one case is glory in the other. Nature was more lavish in her distribution of beauty and facial charms to some women than to others.

Not as a rival to nature did Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, some thirty years ago, offer to the ladies of the world, his Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier, but as a master of medicine seeks and offers an antidote for ill seases which we are all heir to, so has Dr. Gouraud's science offered to all ladies this well-known preparation which has no equal or rival in its beautifying properties.

Its essential elements are to elicit a clear transparent complexion, free from tan, freckles, moth patches or blemish, so closely imitating nature as to defy detection. It has also secured the highest medical testimony for its harmlessness as an application. Space will not permit us to give the thousands of testimonials in its praise and worth, but we will quote one from the distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre. A lady of the haut ton, a patient of Dr. Sayre, discoursing on the use of cosmetics, he remarked to the lady: - "AS YOU LADIES WILL USE THEM, I RECOMMEND 'GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL' AS THE LEAST HARMFUL OF ALL THE SKIN PREPARATIONS."

"Praise from Sir Robert is praise indeed." Among the professional celebrities who endorse its powers are Parepa Rosa, Nilsson, Fannie Stockton, Mrs. Bowers, etc.

The scientific endorsement of the article is equally comprehensive and emphatic.

The Board of Health of New York, a few years since, in condemning the cosmetic of the period as poisonous, specially exempted Gouraud's Oriental Cream, and pronounced it harmless. Like all others of Dr. Gouraud's preparations, this has extended its sale, until by its own merits, it has became one of the largest and a popular specialty. It is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety, but is recommended by one customer to another on their actual knowledge of its value and utility.

For further information we refer you to Advertisement in another column.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

To the Consumptive—Let those who languish under the fatal severity of our climate through any pulmonary complaint, or even those who are in decided Consumption, by no means despair. There is a safe and sure remedy at hand, and one easily tried. "Wilbor's Compound of Cod-Liver Oil and Lime," without possessing the very nauseating flavor of the Oil as heretofore used, is endowed by the Phosphate of Lime with a healing property which renders the Oil doubly efficacious. Remarkable testimonials of its efficacy shown to those who desire to see them. Sold by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City*.

THE SECRET KEY TO HEALTH.—The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation. 300 pages. Price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of 9 cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

We have examined a sample of the "Common Sense Hair Crimper, Frizzer and Curler," advertised in another column, and we unhesitatingly advise our lady readers to give them a trial, as they seem to be all that the advertiser claims for them.

Cure Wounds, Bruises or Sprains with "SAPARILLA" and warm water, equal parts. "Never fails."

When the brain is wearied, the nerves unstrung, the muscles weak, use Hop Bitters.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

ORGAN **BEATTY** PIANO

New Pianos, $143 to $600. Newspaper sent Free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.

BIG PAY to sell Rubber Print'g Stamps F. O. Daters, Self-Inkers, movable type, &c. Samples free. E. Taylor & Co., Cleveland, O.

$2 WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Agents wanted. Address COULTER & CO., Chicago.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes

NOT ONE HOUR

go after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

OVARIAN TUMOR

OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
—BY—
DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

DR. RADWAY & CO.
32 Warren Street, New York.

"A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever."

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's

ORIENTAL CREAM,
Or Magical Beautifier,

removes Tan, Freckles, Sallowness, and every blemish on beauty. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless that we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of a similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all skin preparations." Also, Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

Mme. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Proprietor.
48 Bond Street, New York.
For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers.

WARNER BRO'S CORSETS

Received the Highest Medal at the recent
PARIS EXPOSITION,
over all American competitors. Their
FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,
(126 bones) fits with perfect ease, and is Warranted not to break down over the hips. Price by mail, $1.25.
THE HEALTH CORSET
is now made with the Tampico fiber, which is soft and flexible and contains no bones. Price by mail, $1.50. Nursing Corsets, $1.75.
For Sale by leading Merchants
WARNER BRO'S, 351 Broadway, N. Y.

Gold Watches Given Away.

$500,000 worth of solid Gold and Silver Watches, Silverware, Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, French, Musical, Alarm Clocks, and Jewelry, besides an immense amount of other valuable goods, just for doing us a little favor, which every man, woman, boy or girl can easily do. No money required. All the elegant and costly articles to be given away are fully described and illustrated by engravings, in a book entitled "THE GOLDEN PRIZE," which we will send gratis, and free of postage, to any one in the United States and Canada. Address F. Gleason & Co. 46 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED

in every County to Canvass for our STAPLE HARDWARE SPECIALTIES. They sell in every family. Live Canvassers clear $5 to $10 per day. Circulars and terms to Agents. LIVINGSTON & Co., Iron Founders, Pittsburgh, Pa.

EVERY LADY IN THE LAND SHOULD USE

THE COMMON-SENSE

Hair Crimper, Curler,

AND FRIZZER,

It recommends itself by its Low Price, Durability, Beauty, Neatness and Comfort. Don't make yourself hideous with scraps of curl papers, mutilating your fair head, or unsightly iron crimpers which break and destroy the hair—woman's glory—when you can for a trifle secure the Incomparable COMMON SENSE HAIR CRIMPER, FRIZZER AND CURLER.

One dozen sent to any address postpaid on receipt of price 25 Cents, in currency or postage stamps.

J. D. MILNOR & CO.,
Lock Box 8, Philadelphia, Pa.
AGENTS WANTED

CURE BY ABSORPTION!

"SAPANULE"

The Great External Remedy!

For Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, Chilblains, Bunions, Corns, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Lame Back, Bites of Insects, relieves and cures Poison, and all skin diseases. Used in baths is a sure preventive of fevers and contagious diseases.

Sold by all Druggists.

50c. and $1.00 per Bottle.

SAMUEL GERRY & CO., Prop'rs. Office, 257 B'WAY
LAZELL, MARSH & GARDINER, Wholesale Agents, New York.

Asthma, Hay Fever.

CATARRH &c., permanently relieved and effectually cured by the use of "The Scottish Thistle Medicinal Fumers." Having cured myself of a case of asthma of 18 years standing, I can guarantee the results from the use of my remedy. A child can use these Fumers, as they do not have to be smoked. You need not suffer one hour after using my remedy. Home testimonials furnished upon application. Box of Fumers and directions for use sent upon receipt of $1.00. One box will cure the worst case. Address James F. Morrison, Bellaire O. Agents Wanted.

THE GREAT DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE.
GOODS MAILED
To every State and Territory just as ordered, and even then, if not as expected, exchanged or the money refunded.
For samples or prices specify on postal card what is desired, and address,
Mail Department for Samples and Supplies,
Grand Depot, Philadelphia.
JOHN WANAMAKER
PLEASE STATE THE PAPER YOU SAW THIS IN

PATENTS

DESIGNS, TRADE MARKS, LABELS, CAVEATS, and advice how to secure them promptly, and at lowest cost, given by S. H. WALES & SON, Editors of the "SCIENTIFIC NEWS," No. 10 Spruce St., New York, who have had twenty-four years experience in the business.

"Scientific News," just the paper for Mechanics, Inventors and readers of Popular Science. ONLY $1 A YEAR. Sample copies and pamphlet to Inventors sent free.

Pierce's Union Business College,

29 SOUTH TENTH ST., PHILA., PA.

Increased facilities this year for imparting a thorough Business Education, with a wider range of studies than ever before. An Academical Department, furnishing an opportunity to obtain a substantial English education.

THOMAS MAY PIERCE, M. A., Principal.
REV. JOHN THOMPSON, Business Manager.

Circulars and catalogues free to those who call or write for them.

$5 Day to Agents selling for us. **$2 Sample Free**
Address Agency, 171 Hudson Street, New York.

50 FINE CARDS no 2 alike with name & case, 10c. 30 White 10 cts. POSTMASTER, Higganum, Ct.

ESTABLISHED 1821 — TIME TRIES ALL THINGS — CIRCULATION 40,000 1879

THE LEADING FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA. FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY.

Unquestionably the most popular Machine in the market.

NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER. ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

Everybody Read This!

NO MIDDLEMEN.

Save $50.00 in the purchase of a Sewing Machine, or work a day among your friends, and PROCURE ONE FOR NOTHING.

The Saturday Evening Post, published at Philadelphia, Pa., is the oldest Literary and Family Paper in America—now in its 57th year. It is a large 16 page weekly paper, elegantly printed, folded, cut and board. Subscription price only $2 a year, and its publishers have determined to spare no money in introducing it into households in *every city and hamlet* in the United States. In order to do this we have made arrangements with one of the largest manufacturers of Sewing Machines in the world to furnish us with a large number of the CELEBRATED LATEST STYLE GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINES *at a fraction above their actual cost of production.* We have been able to make this

UNPRECEDENTED ARRANGEMENT

by contracting for large numbers of Machines and paying the **cash in advance** for them, and we now offer to furnish a Machine to every person subscribing for the Post *at the actual cost to us*, thus saving to our subscribers the enormous profits **heretofore** and **now** made on Sewing Machines when sold through the regular channels of trade, in which event it is necessary for a Machine to pass through several hands, and the purchaser must pay to each a handsome profit. In the construction of the *Grover & Baker Machines*, old ideas have been discarded, and in accordance with the progressive spirit of the age, new combinations and devices have been used to make it a *Perfect Sewing Machine*, and we unhesitatingly recommend it to all. It is the same Machine that has been sold by *Agents at $65.* Each Machine is furnished complete, all having **highly polished black walnut top and box cover** that locks down, and the iron work is finished in *black and gold*, with nickel slide.

OUR OFFER.

On receipt of $16.00 we will mail, postage prepaid, a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* for one year to any address in the United States, and also forward *on day money is received*, one of the above described Sewing Machines, securely boxed, to any town in the United States in which there is an express office, and **prepay all express charges to destination**, thus delivering to you a choice family paper for one year, and a Sewing Machine sold by former combinations at $65, and all *to you for only $16.* We also send free with each Machine the usual attachments, such as Guide, Guide Screw, Quilter, Hemmer, Oil Can, Screw Driver, 1 dozen assorted Machine Needles, a book of instructions, so that *any one* can run the Machine **without a teacher**, &c. Or to any person sending us the names of twenty new subscribers for the Post for one year, and enclosing $40.00, we will send a Machine as above with all attachments, **FREE!** You can send the name of five or more at a time, but state you are working for the Sewing Machine premium. Sample copies of the Post sent free on application. **EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED IN PERFECT RUNNING ORDER, OR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.** Remember, everything in the above offer will be delivered to you **ABSOLUTELY FREE** after we have received $16.00, as all **EXPRESS CHARGES ARE PREPAID BY US;** we can only do this, by having made **SPECIAL RATES** with transportation companies.

As to our reliability, we refer to the publishers of **ANY PHILADELPHIA JOURNAL**, but we think it sufficient to say that the Post has been published for the past **FIFTY-NINE YEARS**, it has **NEVER MISSED AN ISSUE**, is favorably known throughout the *United States*, and we expect it to gladden the firesides of its thousands of readers for many years to come. When you order mention this paper, write your name plainly, giving your post office and nearest express office, send money by registered letter, post office money order, or draft on New York or Philadelphia, made payable to our order. Address all letters to the

PUBLISHERS SATURDAY EVENING POST,
No. 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CATARRH. CONSUMPTION.

CATARRH

Is a Terrible Disease. Its fearful effects—corruption running down the throat, weak eyes, deafness, loss of voice, loss of smell, disgusting odors, nasal defluxities, and finally consumption. From first to last it is ever aggressive. Ordinary treatments are worse than useless. If neglected while a cure is possible, it may rapidly develop into quick consumption. The most thorough, successful and pleasant treatment is **Dr. M. W. CASE'S**

CARBOLATE OF TAR INHALANT

FOR CATARRH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS & DEAFNESS.

It does not require ten minutes to demonstrate the value of **Carbolate of Tar**, *the most healing remedial agent known to science.* Balsams and Cordials of the most healing and soothing properties are so combined with Pine Tree Tar, that the more breathing converts them into a dense smoke or vapor. This is *inhaled*—taken right to the diseased parts. **No heat, no hot water,** simply *inhaling or breathing it*, and you feel its healing power **at once.** This treatment is endorsed by physicians everywhere, and highly commended by thousands, who have used it with perfect satisfaction. **FULL TREATMENT** sent. *SATISFACTION ALWAYS GUARANTEED.* Address,
(When writing for circular, name this paper.)
Circulars, etc., Sent Free.
Dr. M. W. CASE, 933 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

American Fruit-Preserving Powder

AND LIQUID is the Cheapest, Most Reliable, and Best-Known Method of preserving all kinds of FRUITS, TOMATOES, Etc., STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, and all high-colored Fruits retain their rich color as well as flavor. One ounce of it (costing 3 cents) is equal to 4 lbs. of sugar in preserving properly.

Established over ten years, and endorsed by thousands upon thousands of families. One trial will establish the fact that the AMERICAN FRUIT-PRESERVING POWDER and LIQUID will effectually prevent fermentation and preserve all kinds of FRUITS, TOMATOES, Etc., and keep them the year round, or for years, in jars of any kind or size, or in wooden kegs and barrels, WITHOUT SEALING AIR-TIGHT, simply corked or tied down with a strong paper is all that is needed.

The Fruit will keep WITHOUT SUGAR, or any quantity of sugar may be added as desired.

WARRANTED TO BE AS HEALTHFUL AS TABLE SALT.

The Fruit, etc., may be cooked little or much, as desired. They will keep without any cooking, or they may be cooked down into sauce. The method is simple and easy. None can fail if the Powder and Liquid is added to the Fruit, etc., in quantity as directed.

One package will preserve 25 pounds of Fruit, Tomatoes, etc. Price ONE DOLLAR per package.

Give it a trial. If you cannot get it from your Druggist or Grocer, I will send it prepaid to any express office in the United States east of the Mississippi River, upon receipt of the price; or west of the Mississippi River and east of the Rocky Mountains for $1.25 per package.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. Address

L. P. WORRALL, No. 24 Liberty Street, N. Y.

New Mexico.

Parties having LAND CLAIMS or LANDS in this Territory

Who DESIRE TO SELL, Send Full Particulars, Synopsis of Title and Map of same to

J. WISE NORTON,
P. O. Box 1679. Philadelphia, Pa.

DON'T FAIL

to send stamp for the Largest, Handsomest and most complete Catalogue of **TYPE, PRESSES, CUTS,** &c., published.
LOWEST PRICES. LARGEST VARIETY.
NATIONAL TYPE CO. 58 South Third St., PHILADELPHIA.

JAMES H. BUNN,

Wall Paper & Window Shade Depot,

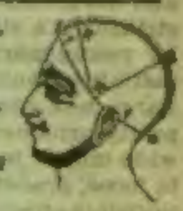
TWENTY-SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS.,
PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Orders by Mail and Decorative Work promptly attended to, in person.

Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine and Pharmacy. Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles, Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No clerks. Advice free.

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards with name, 10c. postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

R. DOLLARD.
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Premier Artist



IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Fuches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Fuches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

OPIUM Habit cured at Home. No publicity. Cure painless. Terms reasonable. Time short. Tenth year of unparalleled success. 1 000 testimonials. State your case and address
DR. F. E. MARSH,
Quincy, Mich.

60 Lily, Floral, Enamel, Gilt Scroll, motto, marble cards no 2 alike, name on 10c. Card Mills Northford Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE costume of a fashionable woman of the present day reminds one forcibly of the good old days of our great grandmothers; the *Indienne* of which the toilette of an elegante is composed was not many years ago the glory and delight of certain classes, and the plain red cotton material, called adrinople, was formerly reserved for covering the enormous umbrellas which were conspicuous in all village fetes, and were the treasured possessions of country people. Now, no material is more in vogue than this same adrinople; it is not only employed for costumes, but rooms are entirely hung with it even to the ceilings, and this violent coloring excites the greatest admiration, and is considered the perfection of good taste. With regard to red toilettes, they are wisely kept for the sea-side and other watering places, where eccentricities of costume are always allowable.

Indian foulards, under the names of Madras and Laitorrn, are the most fashionable materials; real Indian Madras is seen in innumerable patterns; Laitorrns foulard is glace and shot in stripes or chequers; it is exceedingly soft, supple, and very pretty in such tints as sun-rise and sun-set. Striped foulards are shot with prune, sapphire blue, golden amber, garnet and pale gold, amethyst, steel, and gold spangles. Indian muslin in light shades forms charming toilettes, combined with surah, sollanne, or Louis LVI. bands of Canton lace.

A style of dress which is daily gaining in favor, and is both pretty and convenient, is that of the casaquin in a different material from the skirt. The casaquin is frequently made of cloth; it must fit to perfection, is generally tailor-made and most becoming in such shades as dark garnet, gendarme blue, or myrtle green; it is also made of black cloth, beige, cashmere, and vigogne. The most suitable skirt for wearing with this jacket is that with a tunic draped *en tablier*. It is made of double foulard with a small chequer, of surah or of cretonne in a dark shade and ornamented with tan-colored embroidery, or embroidered Indian insertions. The buttons are of black silver, of Japanese workmanship, and Russian niello work; steel buttons engraved with gold, and old coins set as buttons, are those most valued.

Gold is again a recognized form of ornament for the toilette, and we now see the most delicate fringes powdered with gold, forming a pretty and effective trimming. A dress of olive green cashmere, for instance, has two deep pleated flounces and between them a row of very narrow double marabout fringe in gold. The Lafayette jacket is composed entirely of braid in silk and gold, and dead gold braid; the military collar is of gold braid lined with silk.

Among some new toilettes I notice the following, which may serve as a guide for other materials: A Camargo costume of wood pigeon colored Indian lawn and flowered Indian lawn to correspond. The skirt of plain material is bordered with fluted flounces; the front is trimmed en tablier with bouillonnes and flutings divided by pinked out ruches of silk. The Carmargo tunic with paniers is bordered with a pinked out ruche and Breton lace, and draped with a large rosette of wood-pigeon colored satin ribbon. A Belle Fermiere costume of pongee foulard with sprays of small flowers over the same material in garnet color. The skirt is draped in front and caught up on one side with flots of satin ribbon in all the colors of the flowers. The Fermiere casaquin has revers turned up over the hips.

A very original costume is of Madras foulard in gold color, black and Indian red, with narrow pleats in gold color and Indian red. Across the skirt are four draped scarfs interlaced together in the Bayadere style. The bodice is gathered and worn with a gold band, and the toilette is ladylike, although rather striking. A simpler dress which may be worn by young married or single ladies is of beige casimir trimmed with rich navy blue faille. Large box pleats on a blue ground form a pretty ornament at the edge of the skirt; the wide tablier is draped on a plain foundation in loose, graceful folds, kept in place by a few invisible stitches. The paniers at the side are joined by loops of faille, and fall in natural folds on the skirt. The corsage with revers is fastened at the waist by four buttons showing the lower part of a blue waistcoat, the upper part of which may be removed and replaced by a white chemisette, or a full pleating for more dressy toilette. The upper part of the sleeve is tight, and it is put in far up on the shoulder; the sleeves are not quite long, and are finished off with blue cuffs.

Another particularly struck me. It is of Gendarme blue India cashmere, trimmed with palm pattern India cloth, the jacket and sleeves being of the plain cashmere, the waistcoat and garnitures of the palm pattern. The foundation of the skirts of silk; upon this three paniers are placed, the centre being of the palm pattern cashmere. The back of the Trotteuse costume forms two shawl points, trimmed by two wide bands of the palm cashmere. The parure and jabot of this dress are of point d'esprit lace.

Sleeves are now generally made a little short in order to display the long gloves of Swedish kid, the portes-bonheur and bracelets with three or seven rings which are now so much in vogue.

Some elegant mourning toilettes which have been lately made have been much admired, and will provide some useful hints for our readers. One of these is of black satin and crepe de Chine. The skirt has three light bouillonnes of satin in front, with two narrow pleatings of alternate satin and crepe de Chine; at the back are three similar pleatings. The Parabere tunic forming paniers is of crepe de Chine with little flowers in satin, but entirely black; the paniers are draped by loops of black satin ribbon. The habit corsage fits closely and opens over a waistcoat of crepe de Chine fastened with large jetted buttons. The paniers and loops of the tunic are bordered with jet and black Breton lace. A fichu of Breton lace forms a large jabot bow fastened by a handsome jet ornament. Black and white satin Pekin also forms very elegant demi-deuil toilettes; the skirt is of this material prettily trimmed, and the redingote worn with it is of white Indian muslin; the redingote is trimmed with double cascades of Mechlin lace mingled with loops of black moire, and draped in long paniers. The muslin fichu is lined with white silk and edged with these materials, is an elegant robe de chambre of Japanese form, fastened round the waist by a silk cord. The sleeves reach to the elbow, and are finished off with lace flounces; a little close cap of the same material, trimmed with old lace, and a small flower placed at the side, is worn with the robe de chambre, and the toilette is completed by a cambric handkerchief with a wide border of Japanese foulard. Another equally stylish morning-dress is made of poppy-red pongee; the skirt is bordered with a a deep pleating edged with Breton lace; the matinee is jacket-shaped, and closely gathered in front, with trimmings of lace put on very full. Any kind of lace used in ornamenting matinees is put on very full; jabots in particular contain an immense quantity of lace.

Very pretty plastrons are made of gauze or crepe lisse, with lace insertion; these plastrons are most useful in converting a plain dress into a dressy toilette, by removing the waistcoat, and substituting for it the pretty plastron. A very coquettish model is bouillonne at the edge with seven gaugings, under which are placed three fluted flounces on a band of muslin. Similar gaugings on each side reduce the width of the plastron at the neck, which is finished off with Breton lace and narrow ribbon, a coquille of lace ornaments the sides of the plastron.

To make a pretty colarette fichu of Breton lace, take a band of muslin doubled and one inch wide, and make upon this a coquille of lace which will form a ruche round the neck on one side; on the other side of the band put two pleatings of lace, one above the other, and the upper one continued to form a double jabot in front; then finish it off at the neck with a bow of colored ribbon.

For a young married lady a bonnet for the intermediate season is a curious model of Directorie form, the brim very large in front and short at the back, is covered with old gold-colored satin put on quite plain; and the square crown of otter-colored satin, is encircled with ribbon of the same shade tied at the side, the middle ornamented with a cluster of feathers, three of which are the color of old-gold, and two red shaded with garnet.

It is very probable that this autumn and winter a great deal of white will be worn on dresses. Tulle, embroidered in point d'esprit is still a formidable rival to Bretonne lace, and will be employed for dress trimmings, and collars and cuffs for light dresses. Ruches of this tulle round the neck are both pretty and young looking. Ladies, whose necks begin to show signs of terrible "Time," gain years of renewed youthful appearance by encircling their throats with these new tulle ruchings. Bretonne lace, however, will continue to be employed on heavier dresses. Bretonne lace is now made to imitate Mechlin lace, and thus entire flounces are made of it, as well as mere trimming lace.

Fireside Chat.

CONFECTIONERY AT HOME.

AS American women excel in making preserves, and attain a proficiency in the art of making delicate cakes, only equalled out of America by professed pastrycooks, it is somewhat surprising that they have never turned their artistic hands to the elaboration of anything more recherche than molasses candy in the way of confectionery. Yet to make fine French candies requires no more patience, and is as satisfactory in its results as many of the so-called artistic distractions of the present day, it is more cleanly than modelling in clay, and not less so than pottery work. I will therefore give some instructions in the art, beginning with the simplest form of French candy, called fondant. It is generally supposed that special utensils are necessary to make fancy candies, and the ordinary directions in a work on confectionary bewilder you with the names of articles to be used, but perfect results can be obtained with a small enamelled or brass saucepan, and a silver spoon and fork.

Fondant.—Take two pounds of the best loaf-sugar, put it in the enamelled saucepan with just enough water to wet it through, and set it on a clear fire; let it boil ten minutes, removing any scum that may arise; then take two smooth sticks, dip one in, and if on touching it with the other a thread forms, take your candy from the fire quickly, have a basin of very cold water ready, and drop a little candy in it from the end of the stick; if, after you have given it time to cool, it does not form a soft ball between thumb and finger, it is not yet boiled enough; return it to the fire, and boil a minute or two longer, trying it frequently. If, however, the candy on being dropped into the water has at all a brittle feeling, it is boiled too much; then add a tablespoonful of water and put it on to boil again till you reach the right point of firmness without brittleness. This may require a little experimenting with, but once the experience is gained the chief difficulty in making creamy candies is overcome. When your sugar is boiled to the right point, set it aside to cool; if quite right, when cooling a thin jelly-like skin will form over it, but it may happen that a sugary coating like thin ice may cover it, which I will term granulating. If, however, the candy is only granulated on the top, and, the bottom of the saucepan is quite smooth, you can skim off the thin sugar cake, and then take a spoon and stir, and beat the candy till it looks creamy and begins to get firm. If boiled enough it will look like lard by the time it is cold. When it is in this state, lay it aside; it is ready to use for many purposes. If, however, it is not firm you must repeat the process, that is to say, boil the sugar up once again, leave it on the fire (without more stirring than necessary to melt all parts alike) till it is quite clear, then again put to cool, and beat when half cold as before.

Your fondant made, provide yourself with blanched almonds, oil of lemon, extract of vanilla, pistachio nuts, some prepared cochineal, strong infusion of Spanish saffron, a few walnuts taken in halves from the shell, some chocolate a little fine rum, and Curacao, Maraschino, noyeau—anything, in fact, for flavoring that may be convenient, or preferred. To try the effect of your work, now take a piece of the fondant, divide it into as many parts as you have flavors, drop (with great care, as too strong a flavor is disagreeable) a little lemon on one piece, a little raspberry syrup (very strong this must be, or your candy will be too wet) on another, a drop or two of vanilla on another, rum for another; with the lemon you can also put enough strong decoction of saffron to tint it a pale primrose, enough cochineal on the raspberry for a pink. Then take each piece and work it like a piece of bread-dough till thoroughly mixed; if color or flavor is not satisfactory, add more; here your own taste must decide, many mixtures of flavors being excellent, such as lemon; and lemon is always improved by a tiny speck of tartaric acid. Your pieces all worked up, break off little bits, and make into little eggs or balls, or grooved cones; examine the forms of fine French candies, which are nearly all formed by hand, and imitate them. This, with the mixing and arranging of colors, is the artistic part of confectionery. If you make some of your pink balls as large as a damson, take a blanched almond, press it sideways in it, till it looks like a bursting fruit, just showing a kernel; these are handsome and may be made in all colors and flavors. You have now made raspberry creams, lemon creams, vanilla creams, and so on.

Panache Fondant.—Take three pieces of your fondant, melt a little chocolate with as little water as possible by standing it in or over boiling water, when a smooth paste put it with one piece of fondant, work them together, adding a drop or two of vanilla; when the flavor and color suit you, lay it aside. With a second piece pound up some almonds or walnuts very fine; if almonds, add one drop of bitter almond flavor; walnuts require nothing; color the fondant pink, and work nuts and candy together; when well mixed colored a bright pink, lay this aside. The third piece is to remain white and needs only flavoring.

Divide the chocolate colored fondant in two equal parts, also the white, make each part into a ball, then with a small round phial bottle roll each piece on the back of a dish, just as you would a piece of paste, using the finest powdered sugar instead of flour, to prevent sticking; roll the candy in the form of a strip an inch and a half wide, a quarter of an inch thick, and as long as your fondant allows; when you have the two white and two chocolate strips, take the pink, roll it as nearly the same width and length as the others as you can, but let it be at least twice as thick, then take one strip of chocolate, lay it on a piece of buttered paper, lay next a white strip upon it fitting as neatly as possible, then the pink on that, then another white, and last of all the second chocolate; now press them gently together, but not so as to put your panache out of shape, and lay aside for an hour in a cool place.

When firm, take a sharp knife, give a sharp clean cut to the four sides to remove uneven surfaces, and you will then have a neat brick-shaped piece of candy before you; now with the knife cut it neatly crosswise into little tricolored slabs half an inch thick; leave these a day to dry and harden, and pack away in rows in paper boxes for use.

Chocolate Creams.—Take a piece of fondant flavor with vanilla, roll it into little balls the size of marbles, then take some grated chocolate—it must be finest French—let it get hot, then take the white of an egg well beaten, and mix both together; when the egg and chocolate form a smooth thick batter, dip each little ball in it from the end of a fork; if the white shows through, add more chocolate; drop each on a piece of oiled paper, and set aside for twenty-four hours.

Orange and Lemon Creams.—Take an orange carefully grate off the yellow part of the peel on to a plate, then you will have about a tablespoonful of the grated rind, squeeze on this the juice of half the orange, and the juice of half a lemon, or a tiny bit of tartaric acid; then take enough finely powdered sugar to make the orange into a stiff paste, make it into little balls, and put for some hours to dry. Then take a piece of fondant, put it in a cup, and stand it in boiling water; it will soon soften; move it about till it is like thick cream, then dip each orange ball in it and drop it off on to oiled paper. If the cream is too thin to cover the inside color, let it cool for a minute, warming it again if it gets too thick. Lemon creams are made in exactly the same way; walnuts in halves should have this cream candy flavored with vanilla, then be dipped and dropped from the end of the fork in the same way.

Roman Punch Drops.—Make some little balls of fondant, flavored with lemon and a grain of tartaric acid, then melt some more fondant as for orange creams; color it pink and flavor it with rum, then dip each of your lemon-flavored balls in it, and drop them from the end of the fork on to oiled paper. This dropped form of candy is very pretty and delicious, and may be made in infinite variety; for instance, mix a little grated cocoanut, or chopped almonds, with fondant, make it into balls, flavor the outside cream as you choose, and dip them in it; but in making a quantity of candy it is well to have some sorts that require less time, using the drop to ornament the whole.

To this end make fondant as before, take a piece the size of an egg, chop some almonds, work them into it as you would fruit into a cake, flavor it with vanilla, rose, lemon or bitter almond, and have a case made of stiff paper about an inch wide and deep, and as long as your candy will fill, press it well in to form it into a neat bar, and when you wish to take it off the paper and cut it into small cubes with a sharp knife; if the latter is wetted with spirits of wine it will cut more neatly.

To make these bars, the fondant must be very firm; the best consistency is as hard when cold as winter butter; should it by chance be so hard that it crumbles or you cannot work it, wet your hand once or twice with any spirit.

The failure of getting the fondant perfect once or twice will teach you the art of sugar-boiling better than a chapter of words, and you will see for yourself how it passes from one degree to another. A pinch of cream of tartar put with the sugar when boiling will tend to prevent granulation; but if the least bit too much is added, it will also make it very hard to cream.

Answers to Inquirers.

J. C., (Madison Co., Tex.)—The address of the paper is Boston, Mass.

A. O. (Wyandot, O.)—A wife, on separating from her husband, may take her clothes and jewelry.

G. MITCHELL, (Carencro, La.)—We cannot enlighten you as to either the origin or meaning of the word you mention.

W. H. C., (Carmel, N. Y.)—The gentleman named never held the position you mention. 2. It is generally believed to be unfounded.

A. G. A., (Carroll, Md.)—Emery powder and water is one of the best things for cleaning horses' bits stirrups, and spurs. Sharp white sand and water also answers very well.

INQUIRER, (Tompkins, N. Y.)—Properly speaking, the day begins everywhere the moment after the hour of midnight at that spot. The almanac will tell you when daybreak and when sunrise commence in different places.

AMERICUS, (Wolfsville, Md.)—All the facts we have been able to gather concerning Lord Stirling, are his name, age and the date of his death. His civic name was William Alexander, and he died in New York in 1783, aged 57 years.

GEORGE, (Baltimore, Md.)—A high-toned young man would not avail himself of such a state of things to exhibit disrespect towards his parents; he would rather make it a reason for exhibiting towards them an increased degree of affection and tenderness.

B. Y., (Carbon, Pa.)—To make a size for gilding the edges of book leaves, dissolve a little isinglass in boiling water, and then strain through a piece of clean muslin. It should be applied with a clean soft paint-brush, of the kind used by varnishers to give the finishing "flow coats" of varnish, wide, flat and soft.

HORATIO, (Carter, Tenn.)—If you have reason to believe that the young lady in question is betrothed to your friend, you should not aspire to her hand, nor in any manner interfere with your friend's prospects. Why not ask your friend if he be engaged to her or not? By that means you might learn the real facts of the case, and act accordingly.

CLINTON, (Lewis, Mo.)—We doubt whether a full biography of Mrs. Godwin (Mary Wollstonecraft) exists. Having, as well as a distinct idea of the freedom of woman, a still more distinct hatred of Christian marriage, in which woman surrenders her individual will, Miss Mary W. did not marry William Godwin, her husband, until three months before the birth of her daughter, afterwards Mrs. Shelley. The mother died in childbirth in 1797.

HATCHER, (Jefferson, Ark.)—The use of the shower bath, by itself, would not necessarily diminish growth or increase of flesh—it would be likely to impart greater tone and firmness to the growth. For many reasons it is advisable not to take the force of the bath upon the head; a skull cap should be worn, and the water allowed to fall obliquely upon the neck or shoulders. Vinegar, to reduce size, is an unwise experiment in every respect.

E. G., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—If you loved your parents half as much as you pretend, you would not be "irritated beyond endurance" by what you disrespectfully call "their gossip." You are disingenuous either with yourself or with us, and keep back a portion applicable to your case. You should give yourself a most searching and relentless self-examination, honestly scrutinizing and weighing all your motives, and then come to an impartial decision of your case.

M. S. F., (Washington, Md.)—1. It is not proper for a young lady to permit a gentleman to introduce himself to her. 2. With the sanction of your parents you might correspond with him under the circumstances. 3. If engaged, or about to be, the proceeding is both common and proper; otherwise, not. 4. This question is answered in number two. 5. He should stay no longer than half past ten or eleven at the very furthest. 6. A school girl should not "keep company."

LITERARY, (Shawano, Wis.)—The public is not always an accurate judge, and may be very well satisfied of the guilt of a really innocent person. A lawyer is not supposed to obtain the acquittal of any prisoner; it is non-guiltability which is presumed to obtain it. And if any honest jury acquit, why should the public, without that jury's knowledge on the subject before it, presume to decide otherwise? A lawyer is in duty bound to do his best, in an honorable and legal manner, to secure his client's safety. If he does less he is recreant to his duty: if he does more, he is a rogue.

H. C. M., (Clearfield, Pa.)—It is a good sign of the times when women begin to show more independence of character. And if young men are kept at a distance by visions of milliner's bills, are not sensible girls rather frightened at the extravagant habits of the greater portion of our young men? But in whatever aspect the question be viewed, it must be admitted that a man has a better chance of obtaining a good wife than a woman has of obtaining a good husband, because he has a wider range in which to make a selection, and better opportunities of studying temper, disposition, and circumstances. Wait, however, until you know more before you decide.

J. L. M., (Olmsted, O.)—It is a fallacy of yours that money alone is happiness. "If all the population could be millionnaires, all would be equally happy; but while one out of millions only is so, it must be said that happiness is unequally distributed by civilization." Why, if you ask some millionnaires, they would tell you that they are the only unhappy men. They have no future, no noble end or aim to live for. They have the same ills and troubles which other men have, and are buried but not pitied. We are sadly afraid that you have the poor, mean soul of a money-grubber: your argument is too puerile to combat. One comfort is, that you will grow older and wiser.

GANOTH, (Reading, Pa.)—From the brief account you have given of your case, you appear to labor under a mitigated form of what is commonly known, without any distinction as to degrees of severity, by the rather formidable name of color blindness. The least degree of such an affection must no doubt be distressing to a man whose business requires that he should be in the habit of manifesting the nicest discrimination between colors; but for that very reason you should the more firmly resist every tendency of your imagination to make your condition seem worse than it is. Look at it from another point of view. In your case the disorder is probably not organic, but merely functional, and therefore, it may well be hoped, curable. Consult your physician without delay.

BEATRICE, (West Phila., Pa.)—It is difficult by the aid of words alone to direct a cavalier how to assist a lady to mount and dismount a horse. For the first the lady stands with her right hand to the horse, grasps firmly the crutch of the side saddle and places her left foot on the hand, or two hands, of the gentleman who assists her; and who, as the lady springs, gives her a gentle but firm cast up so as to lift her into the side saddle. She should previously adjust her habit beneath her foot, giving length enough to spring. The gentleman, when the lady is seated, should next arrange the habit around the feet so that it should not entangle or incommode the rider. To dismount, the lady, putting her right hand on the shoulder of the gentleman, should gently disengage herself from the saddle-tree, stand for a moment in the stirrup, lift her habit with the left hand, and still bearing on the shoulder of the cavalier, leap to the ground; or if she choose, be gently lifted down by her friend. There are several works on horsemanship and park riding, which may be useful; but a riding-master would at once show you the most expeditious and graceful method of modern equitation.

MAY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is clear that you have an enemy, a deadly foe to your future prospects. Look quietly but observantly around you and you will no doubt speedily discover a cause for the apparently contradictory conduct of your friends. Many a young girl has had her happiness blighted by some butterfly crossing her path, and becoming enamored of her perfections. Many a noble mind has been tortured by slander, and many a manly heart broken, rather than, in its pride and indignation at foul and undeserved suspicion, bend forgivingly to the rash girl who spurned and condemned him unheard. And how many young girls have had to deplore the wreck of all their hopes through the machinations of those whom their fatal beauty had horried into the most shameless practices against the unsullied honor of the men they dearly loved, and yet doubted without inquiry, and rejected without allowing him the privilege—the common felon's right—of attempting to disprove the charge! And all for want of the exercise of ordinary prudence in connection with one of the most important transactions in the life of a woman. On all occasions the wisest plan is to refuse to give credence to idle stories and slanderous reports, utterly at variance with the received and acknowledged character of the lover.